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HISTORY OF PIUS X.

New Pope Is Highly Esteemed by Clergy and Laity.

Led a Very Quiet Life Until Elected Supreme Pontiff—Known as a "Liberal" and Patron of the Arts.

Giuseppe Sarto, who on becoming pope took the name of Pius X., was born 68 years ago at Riese, province of Venice, or, to be exact, on June 2, 1835. He went to school in his native place, and later studied at the college of Castelfranco, and at the Sacra Theologia, Rome. It was here that he was ordained a priest. Although then a very young man, he was given charge of the parish of Tombolo, and in 1867 was transferred to a larger parish.

It was not long before the bishop of Treviso recognized the merit of the young priest and nominated him canon in the cathedral, where he afterward became vicar-general. In 1884 he was made bishop of Mantua.

The ability of the prelate was quickly made apparent, and he attained a wide reputation as a preacher. He was also known as a writer. In 1891 he was chosen patriarch of Venice, but he had caused the government some offense by a political act, and it was only with difficulty and after a long time that Sarto was realy made patriarch. When he was finally given the patriarchate he was made a cardinal by Pope Leo XIII., at the consistory of June 12, 1893, receiving the title of St. Bernardo del Terma.

Sarto's life has been chiefly that of a parish priest, spent almost wholly in northern Italy. Venice alone, of all the important cities of Italy, has only patriarchal rank, while many smaller cities are seats of bishops and archbishops.

Sarto enjoyed great popularity in his diocese, and is honored by all for his purity, for the strict uprightness of his life, and for liberal ideas. He is a modest and agreeable man, highly cultivated, very kind-hearted, still strong and robust in spite of his 68 years. He has never taken great part in the political and public life of the church, but divided his time between study and good works.

POPE PIUS X.
(Cardinal Sarto, Who Was Elected Pontifex Maximus August 4.)

Although most faithful to the holy see, he was presented to the king and queen of Italy, in Venice. He may be considered among the more liberal members of the Italian episcopate and sacred college. It is said that Leo XIII. always thought very highly of him, and sided with him on one occasion when Sarto disapproved of Rampolla's policy.

Maud Howe, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who resided in Rome for many years, writing on "Who Will Be the Next Pope?" in the Outlook for the week dated August 1, says of Cardinal Sarto:

"He is one of the most popular of the cardinals, and is much beloved by the Venetians. He is a prudent, correct, well-balanced man. While never directly opposing the policy of Leo XIII., he is noted for his abstinence from all aggressive action, and his influence is always exerted to keep the peace between the opposing factions. When King Humbert went to Venice to meet the emperor of Germany, Cardinal Sarto announced his intention of making a state visit to the king. A hint was sent him from the vatican that his course might not be a wise one, and that he had best be absent from Venice at the time of the king's visit. The decision was left, however, with Sarto, who carried out his original plan, made his state visit to the king, and, it is said, mentioned the fact that the vatican had advised against it. Personally he is perhaps the most sympathetic of the papabile cardinals. He is a handsome man, carrying his 68 years lightly. Strong, modest, disliking the intrigues and the ceremonies of the papal court, he rarely comes to Rome, and is content to remain in his beloved Venice, the friend of the people and of the clerics alike. For Italy his election would be fortunate; he has many well wishers in the Roman world, where, his friends hold, he is too little seen."

Sarto drew attention to himself by destroying relics of doubtful authenticity, and by other liberal acts. He has been distinguished as a patron of the arts. It was Sarto who launched Father Perosi, the Italian composer, on his career.

Early in April Pope Leo, in a conversation with Father Perosi, said, in speaking of Cardinal Sarto:

"Hold him very dear, Perosi, as in the future he will be able to do much for you. We firmly believe he will be our successor."

The studiousness and seriousness of Father Sarto were proverbial among his people. Even when he was a boy his rector said of him: "Sarto never was a child."

Sarto belonged to the ecclesiastical congregations of bishops and regulars, sacred rites, indulgences and sacred relics.

TIRED OF BOOKER.

From the Dallas News.

Corsicana Sun: Booker Washington is making a plea for "harmony between the races." That's exactly what there will be in the near future, for the North is now honestly after the same thing. Booker, however, has starred long enough and should work more and talk less. He should not forget that it was work and not talk that laid the foundation for his notoriety. He has accomplished good, but his continued appearance in the speaker's roll is growing monotonous. His utterances are becoming somewhat hackneyed.

Down in the Negro belt of Georgia no call has been made on Booker to cease talking. Indeed, a few days ago he addressed a large crowd or assembly of white people, and the editor of the Atlanta Constitution and the governor of the state are reported to have been on the platform. The people in this part of the world are anxious that the Negro shall be told that his place is in the laboriug field, and they want the man who has the most influence to tell him so. As Washington has the most influence, he is called on every occasion to talk. Out here in Texas, where we are not vexed so much over this Negro question, we do not know all the embarrassment connected with it. As long as the white people of the localities which have to deal with the Negro question ask Washington to speak, solong we ought to be willing that he shall do so. For every one can rest assured that the white people in such localities do not listen to him or urge him to talk for the entertainment they may get out of it, but because he is advocating and advancing a policy they think best for themselves and the Negroes.

WILL NOT ALLOW NEGROES TO BUILD A SCHOOL.

From the News-Enterprise, La.

The Congressman of the 7th District informed the Rev. M A. and another that they cannot build a high school for Negroes at Natchitoches, La—La Baptist.

Think of it! In this enlightened age, a member of the United States Congress, prohibiting Negroes from erecting a school for the education of their children. The Southern people have been proclaiming to the world, the sacrifice and money they are using to try and educate the Negro, and here comes a Baptist Association who for years have been laying aside money to establish a school to educate their children and when they attempt to build are told no Negro High school will be allowed in Natchitoches.

Thank God, that spirit is not general but we fear like all other unjust proscriptions against the Negro, it will grow.

A BRUTAL ASSAULT.

Arrested Without a Warrant—Nine Stitches in the Husband's Head and Three in the Wife's.—Demanded $500 Bonds for the Man who was Assaulted—Throwing of Lamp Sets House on Fire—Judge Mills Dismisses the Case with a Warning to the Officers—The application for a warrant Denied—Charges to the Commissioner.

On last Saturday evening on Fenton street one of the most brutal assaults ever perpetrated was inflicted upon Richard Bates and his wife. Both parties live at No. 45 Fenton street N. W., a street inhabited almost entirely by colored people with the exception of a store conducted by an Italian. The testimony of the government witnesses was, that Police officers Bartman, and Shipley were coming down L street and a noise was heard by them who were 200 feet away, in Fenton st. The voice was that of Richard Bates and another man, who turned out to be Henry Adams, that they were using profane and indecent language; that the two officers saw both men run into their respective houses and they pursued them, Bartman going for Adams and Shipley for Bates; that when Shipley entered the house of Bates, a scuffle ensued in which Bates struck the officers, Shipley and Bartman in return struck Bates.

The defendants who were represented by Attorney W. Calvin Chase showed, that both officers came out of a bar room at the corner of L and the alley which leads to Fenton street. That Bates and Adams had some words about a dog. Adams charged Bates with having treated him unfairly. That Adams talked very loud and Bates walked away to his home. His wife and others advised him to go in the and did and locked the house which door. About ten minutes after both men had gone into their respective houses the two officers came rushing down the alley out of the bar room. Officer Bartman entered the house of Mrs. Alexander broke open her door and went upstairs and brought Adams out. Both officers took Adams to the house of Bates across the street and Officer Shipley rushed up to the door and demanded Mrs. Bates the wife of Richard Bates to tell him where her husband was. She informed him that he was in the house. He did not wait until she opened the door, but bursted it in, seeing Bates he rushed upon him and struck him three times with his club, felling him to the floor and bounb upon him. Officer Bartman let Adams go and rushed in the house and struck Bates also. Mrs. Bates a weak and delicate woman rushed up and cried: For God's sake don't kill my husband in here. Officer Shipley said, "get out of the way you G-d-s-b I will kill you" with that Shipley struck her across the mole of her head making an ugly scalp would from which the blood poured. Bates in the mean time was on the floor, bleading from the head and eyes with Officer Shipley on top of him. Bartman, so was testified, snatched a lighted lamp and tried to hit Bates, but struck Shipley upon the head. Bates was dragged out and beaten from 45 Fenton street to the patrol box crying: For God's sake don't kill me He was put into the patrol wagon and carried to the 2d precinct station and Mrs. Bates went to Sibly hospitle from there to the Freedmen's hospital and had the stitches put in her head she was suffering from hemorrhage. Immediate medical assistance was the only thing that saved her. Attorney Chase requested Lieut Byrns to send Bates to the hospital where nine stitches were put in three diferent wounds.

In the Police Court on Monday the defendant Bates was arraigned on a charge of assault on officer Shipley. The defendant pleaded not guilty. After hearing the testimony related above, Judge Mills briefly summed up the case by saying there was no evidence that the officers were justifiable in making the arrest, that they entered the house of the defendant without a warrant, they neither saw nor heard the defendant commit an offense. That the officer had no rights under the circumstances to enter the house without a warrant, he therefore discharged the defendant.

$500 bonds were reguired to release him. Tuesday afternoon application was made for a warrant against Bartman and Shipley. The acting district attorney refused it. Application will be made to Mr. Beach, if he refuses the Attorney general will be asked to intervene, if he decliues the President will be asked to interfere. Charges have been filed against the officers with the Chief of police Major Sylvester. There never was a case of the nature that has attracted so much attention. The court house was packed with interested spectators, police officers and the Lieut. of the precinct in which their two officers are stationed. When the case was dissmissed the wildest demonstration prevailed in satisfaction of the court's decision.

REPUDIATED.

From the Chathan, Co., Repulibcan, Ga.

It is evident that our friends in the north and vest have repudiated Mr. Washington as a political leader. (It may be just as well Mr. Washington, to let politics alone. It will only serve to impair your usefulness as an industrial leader. You are all right, but do not follow Mr. Fortune; he understands the game, but you do not.)

THE POLITICAL STATUS OF RESIDENTS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

By Alexander Porter Morse.

(From the Washington Law Reporter.)

The actual status of an American resident in the District of Columbia, who has never possessed or has forfeited citizenship in a State, is unique He has indeed been described as "a political eunuch." Although he is domiciled at the Capital and lives under the shadow of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of the Government, he has no voice in the local national government; he may not maintain an action or suit at law in any court of the United States as other citizens or aliens may (Hepburn v. Ellzey, 2 Cranch, 445*); he may not now exercise the elective franchise, although he may hold office; he is governed by appointive officers, and his property is subject to local and national taxation without representation, in violation of a principle of American constitutional law and usage. He may exercise judicial and executive, but not legislative functions. All of these are said to be the accidental or necessary results of living or owning property within the territorial district reserved specially for national uses and purposes. It was not always so, however. For more than half a century local government, with an elective mayor and a common council, existed; later an elective legislature and delegate in Congress, with governor and board of public works, governed the District. Under the latter form of government the qualifications of electors were, as they are in many other political communities, loose and unguarded, and as a result the local government was not satisfactory to the better elements of the community; charges of gross fraud and corruption were made, and Congress was appealed to to abolish the form of government. Under the regime just mentioned there were practically no qualification to the right or privilege of suffrage except residence, age, and sex, and at that period it was said that one-fourth of the population consisted of colored persons, of whom a large majority was recently enfranchised slaves who had followed the armies of the Union into the District. The number of illiterates and of voters without property among the whites was considerable.

MR. EDWARD H. DEAS,
The Duke of Darlington, S. C., Who Declares That President Roosevelt Will Not Receive One Delegate from South Carolina.

THE POLICE COURT JUDGESHIP.

President Roosevelt Has Decided to Make a Change. Judge Kimball Unpopular and Disliked. A Change in Both Places Probable.

It is stated upon the most reliable authority that President Roosevelt has decided to make a change in both branches of the Police Court. There is decided opposition against Judge Kimball, while that to Judge Scott is not so strong Notwithstanding, it is reported that President Roosevelt in conjunction with the Attorney General thinks its best to appoint two new judges of that court. Judge Kimball has been playing all kinds of politics to be reappointed, Although he has been prominently connected with the Grand Army of the Republic and succeeded in having President Roosevelt to give the old soldiers a show, is well understood by the executive.

It is a fact that Judge Kimball has had every opportunity to appoint old soldiers but has failed to do so. While the local organizations are under Judge Kimball there are many who don't favor his reappointment. There is also a petition two squares long signed against Judge Kimball. There is not a colored member of the bar and a very few white ones who favor his reappointment. President Rossevelt would hardly appoint a man who is so unanimously objectionable to the people.

THE BUSINESS (?) LEAGUE.

It was announced in the daily press last week that the National Business League, of which Mr. Booker T. Washington is president, would meet in Tennesee this week, and that a large delegation would passs through the city on Monday. A few men, headed by Messrs. Washington, T. Thomas Fortune, arrived in the city Monday, and met a few stragglers from this city, who left over the Sea Board Air Line in two cars. There is no local branch in this city, and in fact it is impossible to organize one. This alleged Business League is a kind of a political bunco show, under the "guise" of a "league." The Tenn. Meeting is similar to the one that was held in Boston, Mass. Just what this "league" hopes to accomplish The Bee cannot state at this time, The "business" of the Colored American has been suspended. The paper has not made its appearance for two weeks. If it fails to materalize this week, it will make its third week in which it has been in a trance.

The American has been suffering with chronic indigestion for sometime, and its continues to have these paraletic strokes." There is no telling what the final result will be.

NATIONAL SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

North, East and West Organize. Rights of the Negro an Issue.

The colored citizens of the United States, convinced that the alleged Afro-American Council is a substerfuge and a fugitive organization without either a head or a tail but a quasi organization with office-holders and office seekers at its head without a following or a purpose, have decided to organize in this city, a Suffrage Association in conjunction with those that have been organized in the North, East and West. A local body will be organized in this city on or about September the first, on which occasion delegates will be elected to represent that body in the National Organization, which is to assemble in this city just prior to the assembling of Congress. The object of the National Suffrage Association is to urge Congress to adopt such methods, or to pass such laws that will protect the Negro in his civil and judicial rights. It is understood that the National Headquarters will be established in this city and more than likely that lawyer James H. Hayes of Richmond, Va., will be placed in charge as the National Organizer. Already New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and many other states have local branches composed of not less than ten thousand members.

The Same Old Thing.

In referring to Booker T. Washington and his speeches during the meeting of the Afro-American Council at Louisville, Ky., the Herald of that city said: "As usual Booker Washington reserved his hardest raps for men of his own race." In this The Heral has spoken the truth, for so far Booker Washington has lacked the courage or manhood to boldly plead the just cause of his race before the American people, like the late Frederick Douglass. Notwithstanding this fact trhere are many light-headed Afro-Americans, who are continually asserting that "Booker Washington is the greastest leader of the race that the world has produced, simply because he is able to work off his old worn-out tales at the expense of the Negro." But it is our candid opinion that if Booker Washington could live a thousand years, and prayed every hour in the day for that length of time he would still be unable to undo the fncalculable harm or injury which he has inflicted or fastened on the Negro race. —Broad Ax.

Popular Excursion to Frederick, Harper's Ferry and Winchester, and and return. Sunday, August 30, 1903. Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Only $1.00 Round Trip from Washington. Special train leaves 8 a. m. Call on agent Baltimore and OhioR ailroad for full particulars.

Principal Conventions to be held in Various Positions of the United States for which Special Rates will be in Effect via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Special Low Rate Excursions June 25th, July 9th and 23rd, August 6th and 20th, and September 3rd.

Baltimore, Md.—Seventy-Ninth Annual Session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O F., September 21-26 Tickets on sale September 19th, 20th and 21st, good returning until September 28th, inclusive

San Francisco, Cal—Grand Army of the Republic, August 17-22. Tickets on sale August 4th to 13th, good returning until October 15th.

ONLY $1.25 TO ISLAND PARK AND HARPER'S FERRY and return via. Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Wednesday, August 26th. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Island Park and Harper's Ferry and return for Special train leaving Washington at 8:15 a.m. A splendid Opportunity to visit the Historical point. Call on Ticket Agents, Baltimore and Ohio railroad, for full particulars.

Rats Display Good Taste.

The rats of Southern Italy are very cunning, and display good taste. They climb the orange trees and suck the blood oranges, neglecting the others.

Telegraph Wire Jewelry.

The descendants of the aborigines of Australia are very fond of jewelry, but they do not pay much for it. They use telegraph wire to make bracelets, earrings and nose-rings, and tear down the telegraph lines for that purpose.

Being Solved.

"The problem of what to do with our millionaires," said the theoretical one, "is really becoming serious."

"Oh, no," said the practical observer, "automobiles are solving it."—Brooklyn Life.

When He Showed Up.

"My husband only attends one 'church meeting' a year."

"Which one is that?"

"Where they vote to give the minister a two-months' vacation."—Judge.

NEW EDISON BATTERY

Wizard Declares It to Be a Success in Every Respect.

Says Its Light Weight, Small Size and Great Mileage Will Drive Out Other Modes of Road Locomotion.

Thomas A. Edison, when questioned about the new storage battery which the public has been expecting for over a year, said:

"The popular impression seems to be that my new storage battery was more or less a possibility, but that it began and ended there.

"That is not so—one of them has been in operation for the last three weeks in a New York delivery wagon, and is doing all that I expected, and claimed for it.

"There is a great deal to be said for the new battery, and all in its favor. It will average more than a third greater mileage for half the weight than will the old lead battery. It has an additional advantage, inasmuch as it can be recharged at a much faster rate than the old battery. As much electricity as will send the motor 40 miles can be put in it in less than an hour.

"Ever since I took up this problem of the greater capacity battery I have worked with the idea of using it for street locomotion—in automobiles and trolleys. And now the auto battery is finished. Last Monday three friends and myself took a trial run to Atlantic City in a car containing a Morse frame and one of my batteries. We wished to attain great velocities over rough surfaces, and we succeded beyond any of our expectations. The idea was to find any defects in either the frame of the car or the battery and motor. The latter two were entirely successful, but there are a few things which can be bettered in the car.

"My experience shows me that we have much to learn from the French makers—they have been at it longer than we have, and are still several years ahead. Several of the auto makers in this country have sent for my

THOMAS A. EDISON.

battery specifications and are beginning to make types of their machine in which it is to be used.

"I have been experimenting with an electric coach to-day, and it is surprising how well it showed up. We climbed Eagle Rock, where the hill-climbing contests are held, with the greatest ease, and we really did not dare to attain our maximum speed.

"We cannot put the battery on the market in any quantity as yet. The best we can do now is to make one a day. By October we will make at least six daily, and about Christmas we will be in shape to meet any demand. The trouble has been that special machines had to be built. Another disadvantage I have to contend with is paying 40 per cent. duty on a certain sheet steel that must be imported from England or Germany, and then in only limited quantities. By Christmas three rolling mills will be able to make it for me here in this country, and then the present high price for the batteries will be reduced.

"This battery will drive all other methods of locomotion out of business, and in less than ten years the horrible odor of gasoline on the public highways will be unknown. As for a lack of recharging stations, that is nonsense. In the last month 45 new ones have been installed in the New England states alone, and this is going on all over the country.

"Next year I will wager that I can take a car of my own design, fitted with my motor and battery, and go to Chicago and return in less time and with more pleasure than any other machine in existence. There will be no break-down, no explosion of gas or gasoline, and the trip will be made at an even 25 miles an hour.

"Another thing, the battery will be made in four sizes, so that when fully charged it will run 25, 50, 75 or 100 miles, and if wanted, they will be made in any size larger or smaller. Of course, the running power of the battery will depend to a certain extent on the work it is called to do. If the roads are rough and there are many hills, a charge will last a shorter time than if the conditions were such as are found in the city. But, taking the maximum of bad going, the battery will only be exhausted about 25 per cent. sooner than it would be under favorable condi-

A Really True Fairy Tale

How a Poor English Girl Got $2,500,000 Because of Her Kindness to a Lonely Old Manchester Factory Owner.

A LITTLE English girl living near Manchester has been made the heroine of a real, actual fairy tale—just like one of the kind she loves. She won the heart of an old, seemingly crabbed man. He is dead now, and "Janey," at the age of nine, is worth $2,500,000.

The story of Jane Loft's good fairy begins 70 years ago, when there was born in a mean street of an ugly Manchester suburb a boy who in the ordinary course of events was christened John Port. His parents were among the poorest of the poor, and the boy had hardly emerged from babyhood before he was plunged into factory work.

Other boys in his position had no hope. They were reconciled early to

LUCKY LITTLE JANEY.

the prospects of dreary work and hopeless poverty, but John was angrily ambitious.

"I hate poverty; I will be rich some day," he told the foreman.

Living in this state of rebellion, he attained his majority. He was earning $7.50 a week then, and for eight years had been saving a little from his wages. He found himself able to set up a small shop and start out on his own endeavors. Manchester was then a growing city, constantly spreading out. People were beginning to swarm to its suburbs, and particularly to the suburb in which John Port's shop was located.

"Sell the people necessaries; let others sell them luxuries," was the maxim he worked on. He realized that the people flooding the new district must have beds and he began the manufacture of them. His success was immediate and great. In time he had built a large factory and soon had become one of the wealthiest men in Manchester.

He also became one of the loneliest and least known of the citizens. He played no part in public life. He had nothing in common with the other citizens. He had married, but his wife died and left him childless. He was a self-centered man. Business was his all in life. He had succeeded as he had told the foreman he would. He was rich, but he was a solitary old man.

Here begins the romance of a hitherto unromantic life. A little girl of four years managed to entwine herself in the heart of the old martinet. Without knowing that he was yielding to her influence, the old man found that he could not live without the girl. He took her to his home and her welcome when he returned at evening from his factory was the one pleasant feature of his life.

They used to romp about the house together to the surprise of the servants, who never had seen the head of the house unbend. The old man called the girl his "little ray of sunshine" and was a brighter and happier man in her company.

He died a few weeks ago and when his will was opened it was found that everything had been left to little Janey Loft with the stipulation that she take his name and be known as Jane Port.

Good fortune has not changed the girl, who is now nine years old. A visitor found her the other day playing the piano in the drawing-room—a tall, graceful little maiden dressed in white, her well poised head fringed with dark brown ringlets. On a footstool near her feet sat listening silently another pretty little miss with long fair hair, and curled up on the floor between them was a yellow and white dog, slumberously indifferent to the charms of music. A dainty picture the three of them made.

Miss Port played with unusual skill for one so young. Presently she sang in a pleasing childish treble.

The song over, the little musician introduced first her friend, then Jackey, the dog. "Isn't he a beauty?" she exclaimed, caressing the dog—a description which, it is to be feared, a canine expert might question.

"Jackey is my greatest friend. They would not let me take him to Wales with me, and I missed him so much that I hurried back home to see him."

Miss Port does not realize the good fortune that has befallen her, although her school companions have hinted at it to her. She, by the way, declines to leave the public school she has been accustomed to attend and have her tuition undertaken by a private governess.

"What would you like to do, Jane, if some day you became a rich lady?" asked the visitor.

"Please do not call me 'Jane,'" was the reply. "I lake 'Janey' better."

Miss Port gave the visitor to understand that she did not care in the least for horses and carriages or fine dresses and jewels. All she wanted, it appeared, to complete her present happiness was a bicycle—a modest request which at the time of the visitor's departure seemed on the high road to be complied with. "And I hope I shall go to the pantomine next Christmas, for I so love the fairies."

Little "Janey" Port has had her own real "good fairy," who has made her one of the richest children in England.

No Need to Worry.

"Professor," said the bad young man of the class, "the scientists tell us the anthracite supply of the world will be completely exhausted in a little over 60 years. What are we to do for fuel then?"

"My friend," replied the venerable man, "by that time, in all probability, you will have gone where the fuel supply is inexhaustible." — Chicago Tribune.

Thankfulness.

I am thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high
That no reforming hand can reach
To take them from the sky.
For if they weren't, I have no doubt
That some presumptuous ass
Would move to take them from their place,
And light the world with gas.
—The Growler.

A HARMONIOUS HOUSEHOLD.

Mistress—You are a nice little girl, Anna, and I like you very much. I hope you will remain with us always.

Anna (innocently)—That's just what master said to me this morning.—Chicago Chronicle.

Victim of a Fatal Dream.

John Edelstein, a wealthy manufacturer and politician of New Jersey, is dead from a peculiar accident. About three weeks ago he dreamed that burglars entered his home, and that one was attacking him with a knife. He sprang out of bed and struck his head on a projection. The shock caused a clot of blood to settle on his brain, resulting in meaningitis, which caused death.

English Taught in Japan.

The English language is taught in the public schools of Japan. In the commercial cities the Japanese youth are eager to learn English, deeming it an essential qualification to secure position and attain wealth.

Garment with a History.

Just as Charles I. was about to step on the scaffold, in 1649, he took off a pale-blue silk undershirt and gave it to his doctor. This shirt was lately sold at auction in London, and brought $1,022.

Valuable Timepiece.

"George, your watch should be worth a mint of money to you."

"Why so?"

"Gains time steadily?"

"Yes."

"Well, time is money."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Adopted.

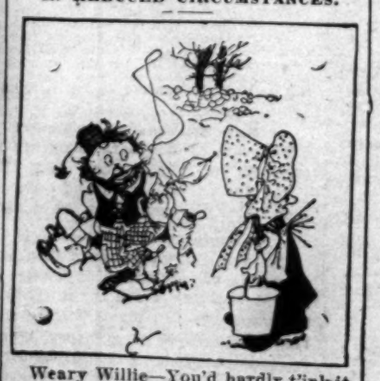
First Fashion Leader—Why not adopt this style? It is very becoming to both of us?

Second Fashion Leader—Yes, it is becoming to us, but it does not make other people look ugly enough.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Banquet.

The moth he is an epicure
Who eats full oft with dainty zeal.
He eats his fill,
You foot the bill
For his nice fifty-dollar meal.
—Washington Star.

IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.



Weary Willie—You'd hardly t'ink it, ma'm, but I was once't grand vizier to de sultan of Toikey.

Mrs. Farmer—And what reduced you to this?

Weary Willie—Buyin' bonnets fer me harem, ma'm. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Greatest CHANCE To Buy Clothing

NO Ifs nor **Ands**, no **Whys** nor **Wherefores** just one of the biggest Drops in the price of Clothing ever known at this season of the year and this is given over to the telling of what we are going to do, rather than why we can do it.

Men's Suits $5.48 Several Styles of cheviot and cassimere a variety of patterns well made, and perfect in fit in every way a first class Business Suit.

Men's Suits $8.50 About twenty styles of high grade wool cheviots and worsteds also plain blue and black worth 10 and $12.

Men's Suits $10.00 Made of high grade velour cheviots and worsted perfect in every detail of workmanship, not a suit worth less than $15.00.

Men's Overcoats $6.98, $10.00

Elegant quality Oxford gray, also Blue and black kersey. Some are made with raw edges and lapped seams lined with heavy farmers satin and silk velvet collars.

Young Men's Overcoats $5.98—$8.50

Oxford gray, Melton, Kersey, will give thorough satisfaction and would sell easily at $6.00 and $10.00.

Suits for Young Men from 14 to 19 years. Strictly all wool well made and lined, thirty styes to choose from 3.00

MEN'S TROUSERS $2 AND $2.50

One of the greatest values ever offered, wool cheviot and cassimere trousers in stripes checks and plaids made well and fit well, not a pair worth less than $3.00 and some worth $4.00.

Boys' all wool suits $2.00

Strictly all wool with double breasted jackets taped seams 7 to 15 years not the suit that is usually sold for this price, but a suit that more often sells for $2.50 and $3.00

Boys Overcoats $2.00---$2.98

The popular garments for Boys of all ages, this season's newest shades of covert cloth Oxford grays well made and trimmed and properly cut.

An elegant assortment of Boy's Blouse Suits 3 to 10 years in large variety of neat checks plaids and plain blues, every suit is well made lined and trimmed and will give good wear. Not a suit in this lot worth less than $2.50 during this sale only..... **$1.69**

Men's Merino Underwear 29c.

Men's $2.00 Hats in all the new Styles $1.39

Every dollar you spend here during this Sale will have the force of two and then if you are in any way dissatisfied with your purchase you money will be refunded for the asking.

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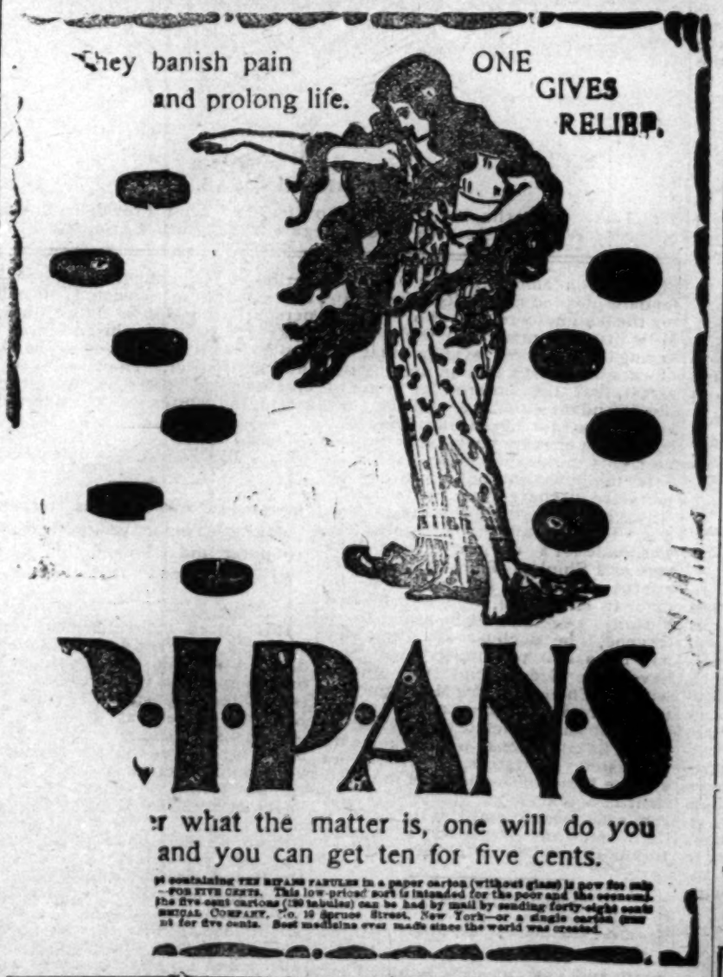
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LURAY, *4.15 p.m.

ANNAPOLIS, †7.20, §8.30, †12.00 noon, *5.20, p. m.

FREDERICK, †8.35, §9.15, †11.00, a. m., §4.30 †6.20 p. m.

HAGERSTOWN, †10.05 a. m. and †5.30 p.m.

BOYD and way points, †8.35, §9.15 a. m., §1.15 †4.30, †5.30, §10.15, 11.30, p. m.

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An Example at Hand.

"Do you believe in luck?"

"Sometimes. See that fat woman with the red hat over there?"

"Yes."

"Twenty-two years ago she refused to marry me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Men at Washtubs.

...nsus could be taken of the men ...ork over a washtub more or less per week, it would run up into ...undreds of thousands.—Detroit ...ee Press.

His Reason.

"No," said the person with the ... eyes, "I do not eat meat any m...

"Does it disagree with you?"

"Not exactly; but the but...

—Chicago Tribune.

What They Ind...

A phrenologist says t... ...mpl... on a married man's ... ...ntly indicate the posses... ...uous wife.—Chicago Da...

By Miss May Clematis.

Some girls are too fresh.

Do not go alone on excursions.

Every girl should protect herself.

Do not express too much anxiety.

Do not expect to please everybody.

Courtship is of short duration now.

Never introduce yourself to a male.

Do not imagine that you are pretty.

It is in bad taste to admire yourself.

Artifice is like fresh cake it will get stale.

Independence in a girl will demand respect.

S. T. You must be able to protect yourself.

Be slow to speak but quick to comprehend.

Self pride will after lead to ridicule and disgust.

When your conscience is right, you need not fear.

Always be on time when you intend to attend church.

What will please some people will not satisfy others.

The honeymoon lasts three days only and hardly that.

O. T. Dresses have been quite pretty this summer.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you,

Everything that becomes other people may not become you.

He will not respect you, neither should you ask to be introduced.

Familiarity should not be tolerated, it will cause you to be disrespected.

Nellie. Deception is very often prevalent in a fickled minded girl,

Norah. Do not be selfish. It is in bad taste to impose upon a true friend.

Paint on the face is vulgar. It readily demonstrates the character of the woman.

No lady will allow a man to walk with her with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.

Miss E, You should not doubt when you see evidences of affections and of fidelity.

Be what you are and do not ever attempt to make of yourself something else.

Your good senses will teach you whether you are respected by your male escort.

Always keep one thing in view and that is always keep the gossipers tongue quiet.

A good house wife knows how to manage a house and what will please her husband.

Miss O. Do not believe everything that is said to you. It is well to weigh well, everything.

Sadie. Do not imagine that your place cannot be filled by another. Girls are often of this opiuion.

Bessie. Be contented and you will succeed. There are times in ones life that acts become bunglesome.

Miss R. M. Flashy dressing will become some people but what ones thouhgts are is another question.

Etta. Friendship can be alianated by coolness and indifference. Some people cannot appreciate true friendship.

Miss T. M. You cannot expect to hold your friends by deception. This suggestion was given to you some time ago.

Ida. How can you expect to demand respect if you do not conduct yourself properly. You ask for advice. Be wise and let your actions and conduct show what you are.

I. M. All work is honorable, and you should never be to proud to do honorable work. Protect your honor no matter where you may be or what you may be doing.

Miss M. You doubt yourself, hence you cannot trust others. You must have confidence in some body. Never come to a conclusion until you are thoroughly convinced, Do not suspicion a friend without cause.

J. A. Take life as you find it. It is what you make it any way. There are people who believe that goodness is in excessive praying. Many hypocrites pray with no meaning or sincerity.

Izzie. Be thoroughly convinced that you have selected the proper person before you give the final yes. It is a life time companionship. Divorces are numerous. Do not marry for the name. If your condition is to be improved and your companien the proper person, marry.

L. E, You are going away for the summer. You want to know what is best to do. It is better for you to go to some quiet country place and rest up. You cannot afford to participate in the gayieties of life if you expect to resume school work in the fall. Your health will not permit you. Take a good rest.

Hoosier State Proves Great Field of Exciting Romance

From Delivery Boy to Husband of Proprietor—Particular Suitor Refuses Twelve—Romeo Meets Unromantic Souls.

THERE is small wonder that Indiana has become noted for romancers and fiction writers. After reading an account of a few occurrences in that state within a few days it will be observed that all the prospective writer has to do is to sit on his front doorstep and watch the drift of affairs in his immediate neighborhood.

In Mishawaka a young man who had been a delivery boy in a dry goods store was married to the owner, a woman 22 years his senior. He was Alton S. Winey and she was Mrs. Rhoda D. Lusher. If a romancer could not make a good story in telling how their love grew up among the calico bales and how the proprietor's gentle glances followed the boy as he left the store with his packages to deliver he would be a bad romancer—that's all.

The prosaic account of this courtship merely says the woman learned to love the boy, but there is a better story in it than that, as can be seen. There is a success story, as well as a romantic one. "From delivery boy to husband of the proprietor"—that would sound pretty fair as a title.

Wabash furnishes another tender little story. This concerns the efforts of an even dozen Indiana women to satisfy the ideals of a mourning widower with 11 children clamoring for a mother. Eleven have tried it and have failed. The Chicago Tribune says that David Overmire is the particular man who is looking and advertising for a wife. His children, he says, are all grown up and prosperous, so there need be no obstacle to the marriage on their account. Since he has advertised that he needs a wife 12 women have answered the "ad" and have returned declaring that he was a brute—because he did not accept them.

A North Manchester woman was the last to offer her hand to the particular Mr. Overmire. She was taken to dinner and treated with elaborate courtesy by Mr. Overmire. While dining he sounded her opinions on various subjects, which are not mentioned, but which, in the hands of the skillful romancer, might make a brilliant chapter, and at the end of the conversation he remarked to the expectant woman: "You won't do."

She has been added to the others who declare Mr. Overmire is a brute.

Logansport offers some more material. There was a young man in that place, Charles Townsend by name, who was about to marry a young woman of the same place named Miss Emma Toothman. Everything was prepared for the glad event. The license had been secured, the railroad ticket purchased, the minister engaged, the home decorated, the friends assembled, the bride waiting, and the bridegroom on the way, when Miss Toothman suddenly exclaimed that she had changed her mind.

It was a sad blow for the bridegroom, and all the flowers were withered, but there was no wedding. It certainly is within the province of a woman to change her mind even at the altar. That never has been denied, and the rejected bridegroom is getting what consolation he can out of the case.

From Newcastle comes a story which in its way is almost as tender a thing as Romeo and Juliet, there being some points of resemblance between the two tales, although in the telling of them it is possible that a slight difference may be detected. Then in the Indiana Romeo story a police court figures, and that element is not in the Shakespearean story.

In fact, getting down to the real truth of the matter, it may be the

"YOU WON'T DO."

only semblance is in the fact there was a balcony scene in both. A. N. Watcher is the lovestricken youth. Miss Winifred Woods plays the part of Juliet. Miss Woods lived in Newcastle and the young man elsewhere.

Romeo had a desire to look upon his love, and he took the romantic but unsafe way of getting beneath her window, hoping that she would look out and be gladly surprised by his unexpected presence. He may have whistled to attract her attention.

He was successful in arousing the neighbors, but not Juliet. They saw the balcony scene, but did not understand it. It is possible that if Romeo attempted his stunt in these days he would be taken for a porch climber. Anyway, that is what the neighbors thought Mr. Watcher was. They called the police, unromantic souls that they were. The lover was dragged away to prison, and the next morning he was given the pleasure of explaining in court how he happened to be under that window.

When Juliet heard of his misadventures she came gallantly to the rescue with the statement that he had a perfect right to be there if he wanted to be, and married him as soon as the police magistrate discharged him.

Mrs. von Blumer—I can't make up my mind what paper to put in the nursery.

Von Blumer—Why use paper at all? Why not try a nice shade of sheet iron?—Town Topics.

Significant.

Haggard Looking Room Hunter—Little girl, does your mamma [illegible]

A Real Bargain.

"In time," said the struggling artist, "that painting will be of great value. All you have to do is to tuck it away in an attic somewhere and keep it for about 200 years, by which time I will have become one of the old masters. Then you can sell it easily for $10,000. You see, I know the rules, but unfortunately I am not in a financial position to carry them out. So, if you want a real bargain, I'll let you have this little gem for $1.50."—Chicago Post.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

Miss Inez Sentz—It's true I'm engaged to Mr. Rounders. The other night he told me I was the only girl he ever loved, and—

Miss Truster — Where's the ring? Didn't he give you one?

"O! yes, the very next day, but I sent it back to the jeweler to be fixed. The stupid engraver made the inscription: 'Jack to Gwendoline' instead of 'Inez.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Game of Electric Billiards.

Electric billiards is a new amusement of Parisians. It is played on a table in the center of which is a plate of some easily electrified material. The billiard balls are of compressed pitch and the cue is a short rod with a cork tip, prepared chemically. The balls being attracted by the plate, add greatly to the difficulty of making caroms.—Electricity.

Uncle Reuben Says:

De world owes me a libin', but de world ain't gwine to come along an' frow 10 or 15 dollars a week into my lap on account of it. She's 'spectin' me to fall into line an' keep my whitewash brushes movin' up an' down an' back an' fo'th.—Detroit Free Press.

Different Difference.

Mag—Say, Liz, wat's de difference between twins an' odder kids? I did know, but I forgot.

Liz—Why, de difference is dat dere ain't any difference between twins. Dat's what makes 'em different.—N. Y. Sun.

Germany Educates Dogs.

Education in Germany does not stop at children; it includes the dogs. New instruction for training those used in the army have just been issued. All the dogs must be thoroughbreds and of the best pedigrees. Heretofore Airedale terriers have been used, but now the German short-haired bird-dogs are to be tried. Their main service is maintaining quick communication between posts. The experiment is already successful enough to insure a promising future for ambitious and intelligent dogs. Henceforth competition for army appointments will be keen among them. All who are faithful may look forward to respectable positions at reasonable pay with retirement on a pension, and perhaps an advance in rank of one degree above that last attained. The picture of the gray, rotund, old retired General-Dog tolerantly inspecting the sad young dogs who succeed him is a cheerful one to consider.—Youth's Companion.

As to Squallop.

Gwimpole—Squallop told me yesterday he was suffering from a gathering in his head.

Sflint—It oughn't to cause him any suffering. He has plenty of room there.—Chicago Tribune.

In Doubt.

"I can't say that I like Paynter's pictures. Perhaps it's because I don't appreciate them."

"I don't know. It's either because you don't appreciate them or because you do!"—Puck.

Family Criticism.

Fond Mother—Do you think Mabel sings better than she did before taking lessons?

Bachelor Uncle—Sure thing. She knows when to stop now.—Chicago Daily News.

Distant Relative.

Jack—You don't mean to say that pretty girl we just passed is your sister?

Tom—Yes; I'm her brother-by-refusal.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Said It Sweetly.

He (musingly)—Sometimes I think I am a fool.

She (sweetly)—And at other times you think you're exactly right.—Columbia Jester.

THE DAMES AND MISSES.

Mrs. Lionel Ross Anthony, a graceful writer on economic subjects for the Denver Post, has been appointed a world's fair commissioner for Colorado by Gov. Peabody.

None of the Rockefellers has actually "arrived" in fashionable society as yet, but Mrs. Percy Rockefeller, daughter-in-law of William, is moving toward the sacred portal and probably soon will enter. She was Miss Isabel Stillman, is young, tactful and gifted with a manner whose cordiality makes friends rapidly. Her husband is very popular in tennis and racquet club sets, being also an enthusiastic horseman.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan was "the cynosure of all eyes" at the recent election of the Colonial Dames at New York. Contrary to the expectations of those who did not know her it was found that she dresses simply and her cloth gown looked rusty. Her black hat was small and shapeless and a thick veil covered her face. The decision of the women who saw her was embraced in the word "frumpy." Mrs. Morgan's disposition is exceedingly retiring and whenever she appears in public she seems ill at ease.

As Others See Us.

"Thanks," said the barn-storming tragedian, as a shower of hen-fruit fell in his immediate vicinity. "Now will some kind-hearted person donate a ham?"

"You're it!" shouted an auburn-haired gallery godlet.—Chicago Daily News.

Love's Young Dream.

She—And what did papa say when you asked him?

He—He said he didn't want any fool in the family.

"And he really doesn't know you at all!"

"Except that I want to marry you."—Boston Transcript.

Monument to Wellington.

The great duke of Wellington has been dead for half a century, and his monument in St. Paul's cathedral, London, has not been completed yet. It has been the subject of animated discussion at brief intervals ever since his death.—Albany Argus.

-Hair Restorer

All who are dersirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cre m ao cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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Like the Dungeons of Old Is This Jail in Arizona

Hewn from Solid Rock Like the Prison of Monte Cristo—Thrilling Rescue of an Inmate During the Flood of 1891.

IT IS strange in this enlightened age to find in use a dungeon hewn from the solid rock after the fashion of the historic Chauteau d'If. But such a place exists, and in the United States at that. It is the "cooler" of Clifton, Ariz.

It is cut off into the rocky side of the mountain, a sort of T-shaped tunnel, with an adobe hut at the base of the T for an entrance. There are two small apertures to admit air, so cut above that only for a few minutes on sunshiny days do the rays reach the two cells which compose the jail.

The crossbar of the T tunnel is divided into the two cells, each 6x12 feet,

THE GRIZZLED OLD JAILER.

and when a visit was made to the place a few weeks ago they had six Mexicans in one cell and four Chinese in the other. When the sun's rays disappear candles are lighted. Reading or even card playing is impossible. One candle is allowed each cell.

Sanitation there is none, drinking water is brought to the prisoners in cans, and as for baths and shaving, that would sound to a criminal of that country like stopping in a palace. After 100 days in such a place a prisoner reappears looking like a dime museum representative of a wild man.

To intensify the bad conditions, the weather in that part of Arizona is almost continually hot. To think of a place not as large as an ordinary bathroom containing 12 to 14 drunken Mexicans, as is often the case after payday, carries one far back in history.

The jailer is about as queer as the jail. He has a grizzled visage, covered with almost white whiskers, and hair to match. Neither hair nor whiskers have been cut or trimmed for years. In the past he has done duty as a miner, but now he earns his three meals by keeping the keys to the iron door and bringing food and water to the prisoners.

The jail was blasted out of the rock in 1880 by the Longfellow Mining company, and used by them to put away the miners when they had partaken of too much firewater.

As the town of Clifton grew and became more pretentious a jail was found necessary, and the city officials have, with the permission of the mining company, made use of the dungeon.

The river flows between the city and the "cooler." A story is told how, during the flood of 1891, a character of Clifton known as "Friday" came near "passing in" through the route said to be in force in some of the Russian prisons.

"Friday" had done something which put him out of society for a short retirement and was enjoying the solitude when the flood broke on the town. The river rose in a single night and carried away the only bridge for a known distance that led to the other side. Higher and higher rose the river, and by the middle of the next day it had touched the adobe house at the entrance of the jail. "Friday" had been forgotten in the excitement. In viewing the rise of the water some one thought of poor "Friday."

A brilliant thought struck the sheriff. He painted a large sign, "Get Friday Out of the Bailiwax," and stood it up so that the miners on the other side could read it. Signals were passed back that it was understood, and shortly they could be seen working along the cliff to the jail.

It was impossible to work the bars free, so they had to cut another opening down through the top. This was ticklish work, for it means blasting, and a heavy charge would have finished "Friday." All the day and night they worked, taking the rock away in blasts as large as they dared use, but it was slow work at the best, and by morning it became a race between the rescuing party and the flood.

Just before noon, nearly 24 hours after the sign had been painted, the last charge sent a shower of rock on the poor man and the opening was made large enough to set him free. "Friday" was found in the water to his waist and bleeding from the last blast, but by the time the waters had subsided and he was able to get to town he was none the worse for his experience except that he became a better citizen through his wholesome fear of the county jail.

Maxence—My novel ran through three editions, and I'm not half done.

Karson—And my book of poems ran through my entire bank account, but, thank Heaven, I'm done.—N. Y. Herald.

His Mistake.

She (learning poker)—Now, if you held my hand, what would you do?

He—Oh! I'd make a bluff that I was holding something good.

She—You horrid thing!—Puck.

Tess—She's traveling under an assumed name now.

Jess—You don't say so! What is it?

"Her husband's. She was married yesterday."—Modern Science.

Hoped He Could Do It.

"We have decided to raise your rent," announced the landlord.

"Thanks," replied the tenant. "If you succeed in raising it, I won't have to."—Chicago Post.

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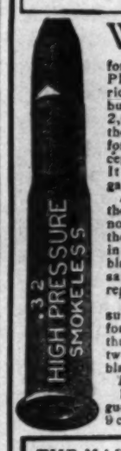

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The Bee.

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The Afro-American Council.

We hinted in our last issue that the Afro-American Council was the outcome of the effort to reorganize the league, and that those who were the most prominent in calling for it were office seekers, as the list of signers in the columns of the *New York Age* and the *Atlanta Age* show. They were too timid to show up at Rochester when called by Mr. Fortune, so that Mr. Fortune indignantly refused its presidency at the time Bishop Walters was made chairman. What next? When Bishop Walters unwisely assailed President McKinley for what he (Walters), regarded as remissness in not sending troops to Wilmington, N. C., because the riot of 1898 and without the Governor's call, the office seekers and office holders were frightened away from the Council. It is also well known that first meeting here in Washington, Dec., 1898, when a well known and capable colored statesman and lawyer, in the person of the Hon. John P. Green, attempted to explain the constitutional limitations of the president's power in sending troops into states in domestic disorders and emphasizing. Mr. McKinley's positive friendship for negroes and his record in upholding the law while Governor and when violence was attempted, and on one occasion when he had contitutional power, the President's name was hissed and Mr. Green was not allowed to lead them into right lines of thinking. This same Council at that meeting, drew up a communication, addressed to President McKinley, in which was injected the language of the same Mr. Fortune, now its President—language so strong that Mr. Fortune himself shrewdly and wisely refrained from standing in his place, in the Committee when before the President with the communication and boasted of it afterwards. The President found it necessary to scold this Committee, and rightly too, for its ignorant impertinence contained in the Address. Now we insist that an organization so controlled cannot be popular with either race. It attempts to be aristocratic by charging five dollars to enter. There are men among us who will risk their lives, and have done so, in behalf of honor and the race, but who will not pay tribute to be among these "Do-Nothings. To succeed, the Council must be popular among the race and somewhat so among at least a part of the white race. Our most discreet and conservativet, yet manly and intelligent men and women must and should be put forward at this time, and plans and schemes must be put forward that promise the race the most permanent good with as little honor to the masses as possible. We shall have more to say on this subject in the future, and shall offer some wholesome suggestions, looking to greater concert of action on the part of the race to meet the present conditions.

THE BOSTON ROW AGAIN,

All the parties arrested in connection with the disturbance growing out of the attempt to catechise Booker Washington at the meeting held in Boston July 30, have been tried. The cases of Messrs. Trotter, Martin and Charles are on appeal to the superior court, and will come up for hearing early in September. Miss Maud Trotter has been acquitted of the charge of assaulting an officer with a hat pin. The charge against Messrs. Trotter, Martin and Charles was disturbing a public meeting. No charge of assault was lodged against these gentlemen. Only one person has been convicted of an assault, and he is an usher of the church in which the meeting was held, and a half-witted and misguided Bookerite. He was convicted of cutting young Bernard Charles, a mere youth, and received a sentence of six months in the house of correction. There was, therefore, but one person who used an offensive weapon, and he was a follower of the "Tuskegee wizard" This is then the extent flashing of razors and brandishment of bludgeons that took place. No Harvard graduate or graduate of other school committed any assault or act of violence. So far as any conclusion can be draw from the occurance it is this: The men of the higher education show self-restraint and self-control, the shallow and inefficient industrial ists seeks refuge in their razors. Another thing is worthy of attention. Other public meetings have been disturbed in Massachusetts. A disturbance has occured in one since the Booker meeting. But no body has been arrested. Nobody has invoked the statute. Of all persons who have been interrupted and questioned at public political meetings, Booker Washington alone prosecutes his questioners. Booker Washington was born a slave, and is yet a slave, being one of those who "in silence shrink from the truth they need must think," and he knows the methods of the slave driver and a man stealer, he employs them to frighten away opposition.

FORTUNE'S WEAKNESS.

(From the Chicago Conservator.)

T. Thomas Fortune, of the New York Age, is a weak man and seems to grow more so as age tells on him. Twenty years ago every intelligent negro in this country regarded Mr. Fortune as the coming national leader of the new-born citizens that needed only to labor and wait for the mantle of the great Fred. Douglass to fall upon him. Then Mr. Fortune was known all over the country as the most fearless advocate of the manhood rights of the Negro in this country, Fred. Douglass not excepted. Even then, when the illiteracy of the Negro stood as high as 98¼ per. cent. in the Southern States, Mr. Fortune distinguished himself as the champion of and leader of that con-situation that demanded for the Negro all the privileges, rights and immunities accorded other American citizens. Had any Negro then, great or small, rose up and started to canvass the country with a view of spreading the sentiment that the Negro as a race should be be trained for good servants and laborers only, that disfranchisement of the Negro was a blessing rather than a curse to the Negro, that it made no difference about putting Negroes into "Jim Crow" cars if the Negroes did but behave themselves while in these cars, that the Negro girls should be taught how to farm, plow and split wood as they had to do in slavery—we say, if any Negro in the days when Fortune was regarded as race-loving and brave, had started out advocating these things, Tom. Fortune would have met him on every corner and crossed swords with him and openly and loudly denounced him as an enemy to his race.

The Bee takes issue with its very able and esteemed contemporary. Mr. Fortune is not a weak man—he is now an apologist and trimmer. He has gotten a taste of office sot. To enable him to get more he must apologize for the oppressors of the Negro and trim accordingly—Fortune the apologist and no more. He never knew where he stood and never knew what party to remain with—Fortune the apologist.

The Post Sunday contained a news item giving the hour of the arrival and departure of the Booker Washington special for Nashville on Monday. Some over superstitious persons were afraid that there would be some unusual manifestation accompanying the arrival, stay and departure of such a ponderous individual as the only Booker; but strange to say this side of the continent did not tip over, there was no earthquake nor tidal wave and the dead did not leave their graves.

MRS. OLIVER ISELIN.

Charming New York Woman Who Will Mascot the Reliance During the Races.

"Is Mrs. Iselin to be the Reliance mascot this year?" asked Sir Thomas, as the first Americans to greet their distinguished guest boarded the Irishman's yacht.

His face fell as he recived a reply in the affirmative, and his friends' cheery ridicule of the seaman's superstition did not altogether comfort him.

Mrs. C. O. Iselin has had a share in more than one American yachting victory.

She sailed on Defender when Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie III. went down to such ignominous defeat. She was on

MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN.
(New York Lady Who Will Mascot the American Cup Defender.)

Columbia when Shamrock I. crossed the line behind it after a plucky fight.

No woman has ever sailed on any American boat in any of the international matches except Mrs. Iselin. Only one English woman has had the same honor paid to her—Mrs. Henn, wife of the generous and gallant British sportsman, Lieut. Henn, who brought over his Galatea in 1886 to try for the cup.

The same seat is always allotted Mrs. Iselin. This is a place in the companionway, where she can see everything and yet be out of the way of the nimble sailor lads who crowd the deck. She knows them all by name; every bit of good work they do is at once noticed by Mrs. Iselin.

She wears a trim yachting costume of blue with a white collar, and on her head is snugly pinned a white yachting cap emblazoned with the burgee of the New York Yacht club.

This is because Mrs. Iselin is one of the few women permitted to fly from her own yachts the colors of the New York Yacht club.

What she knows about yachting would stagger many a yachtsman. At the tiller of a crack sloop she is perfectly at home. Few of the men folk are her betters.

She christened the historic Defender, and now she is wrapped up in the Reliance, which was christened by her stepdaughter.

"With her we can't be beaten," declare the crew of the keenest of cup defenders. So there you are.

Making a Defense.

Lawyer's Helpmeet—What's worrying you to-night, dear?

Lawyer—I've got a client who is defendant in a jewelry robbery case, and I don't know whether to prove an alibi or show that he comes of a wealthy family.—N. Y. Herald.

Failure.

"Gosh dern, Mary!" said the bride's father. "I guess you'd better git married ag'in."

"Law! what is the matter, paw?"

"Why, the paper says the ceremony went through without a hitch."—Indianapolis Sun.

Proving His Case.

Bill—You say her face would stop a watch.

Jill—Sure; a pickpocket was after her timepiece, one day, and she just looked at him, and the watch stopped where it was.—Yonkers Statesman.

Something Wrong.

Meeker—There's crape on the door over the way. Old man Jones must be dead.

Mrs. Meeker—That's queer. I haven't seen the doctor there for over a week.—Chicago Daily News.

The Critics.

"The grass widow is going on her honeymoon," remarked the girl in the madras waist.

"I bet it isn't a new moon," laughed the girl in the white hat.—Chicago Daily News

Advertising Did It.

He didn't have a dollar; he didn't have a dime. His clothes and shoes were looking just as though they'd served their time. He didn't try to kill himself to dodge misfortune's whacks. Instead, he got some ashes and he filled five dozen sacks. Then, next he begged a dollar. In the paper in the morn he advertised tin polish that would put the sun to scorn. He kept on advertising, and, just now, suffice to say, he's out in California at his cottage on the bay.—Lyre.

FIRST NEGRO CLERK.

From the Recorder, Indianapolis, Ind.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 11—George E. Crawford, the negro law student of Yale who won the Townsend prize in oratory in the university at commencement, has been appointed a clerk in the Probate Court here by Judge L. W. Cleaveland. This is the first instance of a negro clerk in a Connecticut court.

It is about time that a negro clerk was appointed in the courts of this city. We used to have colored bailiffs, but they have disappeared.

FOND OF HIS CRADLE.

Although Seventy Years Old, M. Superneau Still Rocks Himself to Sleep in It.

For more than 70 years Wallace Superneau, of Colebrook, N. H., has slept every night in a cradle which he occupied in infancy, and his order is that he be buried in it when death comes.

Mr. Superneau is a single man. He frequently leaves home to do a week's work for a neighbor, but he always takes the cradle with him. Not for a single night in his life has he slept out of it, and always he rocks himself till he dozes off.

Superneau is something of a sentimentalist, as his actions indicate. He is regarded by some as rather eccentric, but his passions have the merit of steadfast-

STICKS TO HIS CRADLE.
(Although 70 Years Old, Mr. Superneau Uses It Every Night.)

ness. The cradle has only one rival in his affections, and that is his violin.

The New York World says that for many years Superneau has made his home with Ransom Harriman, a farmer. Frequently a neighbor dropping in of an evening is puzzled by an old, rhythmic sound from overhead.

"Oh, that's only Wallace rocking himself to sleep upstairs in his cradle," Mrs. Harriman will explain.

The youngest of a family of boys, Wallace retained his place in the cradle as he grew older. He soon became too tall to lie in it at full length, but he overcame this difficulty by drawing his knees upward. Each night to this day he rests his feet squarely on the bottom of the cradle, sways his knees to and fro and rocks himself to sleep as he did when a small boy. The habit was formed in babyhood and never broken.

Superneau's attachment for the cradle rests upon something more than a mere whimsicality. He is of French-Canadian descent, and there is a tradition that the cradle, which is of rude and ancient pattern, was drawn on a handsled with a male ancestor of Superneau in it out of Arcadia not long before the expulsion of the French by the British, an event rendered immortal in history by Longfellow's "Evangeline." Superneau is unlettered. He has never read Longfellow's poem and has only a dim idea of the events which formed the historical basis of it. But this idea gained from his mother as she told him of how his forefathers had braved the dangers of the wilderness to establish a new home for themselves and their children, somewhere near Quebec, has inspired him with a singular love for the heirloom. He takes the best of care of it and every year gives it a new coat of paint.

CHANGES IN THE NAVY.

The Retirement of Admiral Melville Marks Beginning of New Era in Warship Building.

When Rear Admiral George W. Melville, chief of the bureau of steam engineering, went on the retired list the other day, the last of the members of the naval board of construction who acquired their knowledge of the building of warships from practical experience disappeared. American warships will now be wholly planned by officers

ADMIRAL CHARLES W. RAE.
(New Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering.)

who have been specially trained for the work, but whose knowledge of shipbuilding is theoretical. It is only within late years that the naval academy has taken up the education of officers for the engineering and construction corps. Now specialists are carefully selected and given a course of study to fit them for work that requires the greatest skill. Before that time these officers were taken from civil life.

Admiral Melville entered the navy through the engine room; Rear Admiral Hichborn, chief constructor of the navy, who was the last before him to retire, entered the service as a master mechanic. While they worked they studied, with the result that they introduced ideas into the American navy which have been copied the world over.

Capt. Rae, who succeeds Admiral Melville, was in the first class of cadet engineers that graduated from Annapolis. Rear Admiral Bowles, who relieved Admiral Hichborn, was a member of the first class at Annapolis from which the men selected for naval constructors were taken.

Russia and Japan

EVENTUALLY THEY WILL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR POSSESSION OF KOREA

THAT the interests of Russia and Japan in eastern Asia almost inevitably conflict must be apparent to the most superficial observation, but there is no evidence that the danger is at present sufficiently acute to suggest the possibility of war.

The population of Japan numbers some 45,000,000, and is increasing at the rate of about half a million a year. The agricultural area of the island empire is so little adequate to sustain this population that foodstuffs form a large

MANCHURIA AND KOREA.
(The Country in Dispute Between Russia and Japan.)

item of its imports. The menace of congested population has been made less formidable by the development of manufactures in Japan, but for any greatly increased volume of production a foreign market must be found, and the nearest and most promising openings for Japanese trade are in Korea and northern China. Hence the vital importance to Japan of keeping Manchuria and Korea out of the grasp of a power likely to close the door on its commerce by the imposition of a differential tariff.

But even in the most favorable circumstances it may be doubted whether any possible expansion of her manufactures will, in itself, supply a satisfactory solution of Japan's population question when it becomes really pressing. Some oversea territories must be found to receive the overflow, and it is only in the peninsula across the straits of Tsushima that room is immediately available for immigration on a large scale. It is not exactly known how many inhabitants there are in the 80,000 square miles in Korea, the estimates varying from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000. Assuming that the truth is somewhere between these extremes, the peninsula is certainly equal to the support of another eight or ten million people. Large tracts of its soil are well suited for sericulture, the mineral wealth of the country has only partly been exploited, and it has an agricultural area larger than that available in the whole of Japan.

But, says the Chicago Post, if Japan is vitally concerned about getting seated in the peninsula, Russia is equally concerned about keeping the islanders out of political control of a country which it regards as essential to the control of the communications between its northern and southern arsenals on the Pacific. The Japanese already hold one side of the Korean straits by their forts on the island of Tsushima, and if they were to establish a strong naval base on the southern coast of the peninsula they would have full command of the sea communications between Port Arthur and Vladivostock.

Obviously, with the whole of Korea in Japanese hands, the overland connections between the two Russian bases would never be safe. The latest reported convention between Russia and Japan in regard to Korea was signed in April, 1898, and is known as the Nissi-Rosen protocol. It consists of three short articles, whose essential clause is that the two governments definitely recognize the sovereignty and independence of Korea, and mutually engage to refrain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of that country.

In view, however, of the large development of Japanese commercial and industrial enterprise in Korea, as well as of the considerable number of Japanese subjects resident in that country the Russian government bound itself not to impede the development of the commercial and industrial relations between Japan and Korea. This document has been called Japan's charter for the peaceful, economic and industrial conquest of Korea, and it is certain that indisposed as the present Japanese cabinet is to seek any cause for quarrel with Russia, it will not tamely submit to any infraction of the terms of the Nissi-Rosen protocol.

An expert observer noted some three years ago the energy with which Japan was pushing the development of her industrial and commercial interests in Korea, and contrasted it with the apathy with which she has regarded most of the commercial advantages in China acquired by the treaty of Shimonoseki. It is certain that the Japanese interest in Korea has not diminished since 1900, and it is equally certain that the instinct of national preservation, if nothing else, must impel Japan to resist at any cost an attempt on the part of Russia to impair the independence of the hermit kingdom.

PRETTY PRINCESS XENIA.

Daughter of Prince of Montenegro Said to Be Engaged to Grand Duke of Hesse.

The grand duke of Hesse is about to remarry. It is said that he has contracted an engagement with Princess Xenia, of Montenegro. Although every effort has been made to keep the betrothal a secret there is abundant reason to believe that the report is true. Princess Xenia is now in her twenty-third year and is recognized as one of the most beautiful young women on the continent. She is at present stopping with the royal family of Montenegro at Heidelberg.

XENIA OF MONTENEGRO.
(Beautiful Woman Who Will Marry the Grand Duke of Hesse.)

It has now been nearly two years since the grand duke of Hesse obtained a divorce from his first wife, who was Princess Victoria Melita, the daughter of Queen Victoria's "Sweet Princess Alice." This divorce was given on the technical grounds of desertion and incompatability of temper, but it is an open secret that the grand duchess was driven from her home by the cruel and brutal treatment accorded her by the grand duke. One of his favorite amusements was to set loose a cageful of mice in the room with his wife. On one occasion he turned out the lights at one of the balls given by the royal couple and then squirted dirty water down his wife's neck. The grand duchess bore all these indignities in silence for awhile, but after leaving her consort on four occasions and returning on his promises to behave himself she became disgusted and left him for all time.

FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.

Spot at Somerville, Mass., Where It Was Unfurled, to Be Marked by an Observatory.

Prospect Hill observatory, Somerville, Mass., which marks the spot where the first American flag was unfurled by the forces of Gen. Washington, will be one of the most imposing

SOMERVILLE OBSERVATORY.
(Marks the Place Where First American Flag Was Displayed.)

sights in Somerville. The corner stone has just been laid, and the dedication of the building will take place in October. Inclosed in the corner stone are a number of very interesting papers and other objects associated with Somerville and the observatory. Among these documents and objects are the Somerville annual reports of 1902, the municipal manual of 1901, the municipal register of 1903, inaugural address of mayors containing matter pertaining to Prospect Hill, the register of the Massachusetts society, Sons of the American Revolution, for 1901; "Historic Leaves," published by the Somerville Historic society; Charles D. Eliot's "Somerville History," and considerable matter pertaining to the doings of the city council. Inclosing these documents is a large silk flag of the United States, and among the photographs placed in the corner stone box are those of President Roosevelt and Gov. Bates.

Unionist to Bitter End.

A negro murderer in Multnomah county, Ore., believes in union prices for labor. He therefore objects to being swung on a gallows which he has learned was erected by "scabs."

Attorney J. A. Cobb has returned to the city.

Mrs. M. J. Brown has returned to the city from her vacation.

Miss Rosie Martin is spending her vacation in Damascus, Md.

Prof. J. T. Layton and little son Turner, are at Asbury Park.

Mrs. Annie Cooper, Principal of the High School, is still in Boston.

Rev. F. J. Grimke has joined his wife, who left for Boston in July.

Miss Lily Lacy of M Street is home, telling of the charms of the East.

Rev. and Mrs. Robert Johnson have returned from Summit Point, W. Va.

Miss Ida Countee left the city Wednesday for Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Attorney L. M. King left the city for West Va,, last week to recuperate.

Mrs Lacy and her daughter Lillie, left the city Tuesday for Atlantic city, N. J.

Dr. George H ,Richardson and wife spent several days at Bay Ridge last week.

Miss Emma McGinnis left Saturday morning for a ten days trip in New York.

Messrs. J. T. Newman and J. Addison Turner have returned from Atlantic city.

Messrs. H. Prater and Lewis Ambler have gone to Hot Springs, Va., for ten days.

Miss Grace Pleasants has returned home after a very pleasant visit to Atlantic city.

The election of officers of the Baptist Sunday school Union will take place shortly.

Misses Hattie and Ida Gibbs of our Public Schools, are home from their northern trip.

Mrs. Colbert, Misses Lulu Prater, and Betsy Smith left the city Saturday for Harrisburg, Pa.

Miss Lizzie Clark of New Jersey Avenue, has returned from Hampton, very much benefitted.

Misses Celestine Harris, Esther Middleton and Lenora West left the city Tuesday for Oxen Hill, Md.

Miss Genevia Campbell has gone to Summit Point, W. Va., where she will spend two weeks with friends.

Mrs. M. E. Taylor has returned to the city much improved, after spending a few weeks at Highland Beach, Md.

Mr. Moreland of the Treasury Department and Mr. Chase of the Government Printing Office are in California.

Miss Eva Gladdis Crutcher is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. W. Quisenburg of Hillsdale. She will remain two weeks.

The Picnic of the Native Washingtonians last Wednesday, at Green Willow Park, Hillsdale, D. C., was a success.

Miss R. L. Powell Pannell, wife of Dr. Pannell of Staunton, Va., was in the city last week, visiting her aunt, Mrs. Myria Wood.

After a most delightful stay of two months, in the charming city of Boston, Misses Nanie and Annie Jackson are again with us.

Mrs. B. Ducan Hughes, wife of Rev. Hughes of Delaware, spent a few days in the city last week, with her aunt, Mrs. John Parker.

Mrs. Essie Banks and Miss R. Bell Johnson of 19th st. will leave the city this week for Va. where they will spend their vacation.

Mrs. Mattie E. Clarke, who was called home on account of the illness of her little niece, Lulie Payne, has returned to Atlantic City.

Mrs. John Loyd of Philadelphia paid a flying visit to the city last week. While in the city she was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. John Parker.

Mrs. Philip H. Butler, accompanied by her neice, Miss Evelyn Lacy and Mrs. Jno. Matthews of Baltimore, Md., are visiting Queenstown, Md. Mr. Butler will leave this week to join them.

Lawyer L. Melendez King is spending his vacation at the popular resort Bukley Springs, W. Va. He is enjoying his sojourn immensely Among other Washingtonians who are there are: Misses Lizzie B. Syphax, Missouri G. Butler and Prof. W. H. H. Hart.

Mrs. C. W. Lewis left Friday for Chicago, where she will spend two weeks the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Martha Anderson. She will spend a week or ten days in Milwaukee with Mrs. Herson. She hpes to return Sept. 20.

Dr. S. Carruthers, Pastor of the Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church, has gone to Rochester, N. Y. He will return in September. The Dr. will preside at the Mass Meeting to be held early in September to protest against the reappointment of Judge Kimball.

Misses Charlotte and Maud Steward entertained Miss Sadie Spencer of Chester, Pa., last Wednesday evening, at their beautiful residence, 1928 6th Street, Northwest. There were many frieuds present to meet her guests, Misses Spencer and Susie Crump of Va. A magnificent repast was spread for her guests, which all enjoyed.

Mrs. Sophia Williams of Baltimore, Md. and Miss Florence Gaskins of Philadelphia, Pa. were in the city last week sight seeing. A Tea was tendered them by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stewart at their residence. Among those present were Messrs. Clarance and Wesly Johnson, Robert Smith, Dr. Bundy, Mr. and Mrs. Lowery, Misses Holmes, and many others., They left on the 9:45 train for Baltimore Miss Gaskins will remain in Baltimore till Monday after which she will go to Cape May where she will remain until Sept. Mrs. Williams is as genial and pleasant as she was in her schoolhood days.

Besides attending to important business before the Sub-Committee of Management, of the G. U. O. of O. F. in Philadelphia last whek, lawyer W. C. Martin had the pleasure of being present at the marriage of his niece, Miss Flora Martin to Mr. James Poindexter, which took place Wednesday evening, the 12th. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Randolph, Pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church. During his stay in Philadelphia Mr. Martin was the guest of his nieces and nephew, the Misses Flora and Sarah J. Martin, and Mr. A. S. Martin.

MISS TROTTER'S OVATION.

All New England Applaud Her Reception in Her Honor.

Miss Maud Trotter of the Boston Guardian and sister of Editor James M. Trotter, who was charged with an assault on an officer at the Booker Washington meeting in Boston, Mass., and who was acquitted last week is the heroine of the hour by all New England. After being acquitted she was surrounded by several hundred people and received their congratulations.

The charge that was brought against Miss Trotter had no foundation. It was made by the enemies of her brother, who is the editor of one of the most fearless papers in the country. Miss Trotter is one of the leading society ladies in all New England and one of the best educated women in the United States. The charge was made in hopes of injuring her social standing in New England, but it failed. The Judge in dismissing the charge remarked that there was not the slightest evidence to connect the lady with the riot that occurred, neither is there any evidence to show that she assaulted anyone. Several receptions and dinners have been given Miss Trotter by the leading people of Boston, Mass.

Countess Fabbricotti, a famous London beauty, says she means to spend the little money she has left to enjoy this year and afterward starve if no desirable husband comes along. She makes no secret of her poverty, but talks freely to her friends of the depleted state of her exchequer. As she is young and beautiful she has everybody's sympathy.

The countess spent several weeks in the United States last winter, when rumor had her betrothed at different times to August Belmont and William C. Whitney. She was made much of in exclusive society in New York city and was a member of Mr. Whitney's large house party in Aiken, S. C., in March.

The London correspondent of the New York World says she is a woman of 35 years, with great personal charm, the effect of which is heightened by her superb gowns and jewels.

Her maiden name was Anna Kingsley. Her father was Irish, her mother French; she was educated in Germany and married an Italian nobleman, from whom she got a foreign divorce. Divorce is not recognized in Italy, but Count Fabbricotti crossed the border into Switzerland.

COUNTESS FABBRICOTTI.
(London Beauty Who Says She Is on Verge of Bankruptcy.)

The countess unquestionably was "the" beauty of the whole assemblage at Princess Hatzfeldt's recent royal party, where she met the cream of London's "smart set."

EDUCATIONAL.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Including Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutic Colleges....

THIRTY-SIXTH SESSION (1903-1904) will begin October 1st 1903, and continue seven (7) months.

DAY SCHOOL FOR NEW MATRICULANTS .....

Tutition fee in Medical a ental Colleges, each, $80.00. Pharmaceutic College, $70.00.

Four years' graded courses in Medicine and Dental Surgery.

Well equipped laboratories in all departments. Unexcelled hospital facilities.

All students must register before October 12th, 1903.

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AVERY
COLLEGE TRADE SCHOOL
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Monday, Sept. 7th 1903

An ideal trade school for young colored women who desire expert mechanical knowledge as a means of increasing their earning capacity. Dress making, Millinery, Tailoring, Music and an English course from primary to normal.

Boarding, laundry, furnished room steam heated, electric light, $11.00 per month covers all expenses.

In appointments, cuisine service, and for the comfort of our students this school is excelled by no negro institution in America.

Catalogue now ready, address all communications to

Joseph D. Mahoney, Supt.,
Allegheny Pa

PUT BOY IN DRAWER.

Jersey Man Dreamed of Burglars and Kidnapers and Wanted Young Son Safe.

Henry Heidecke, of Lincoln street, and the Hudson boulevard, Jersey City, nearly smothered his six-year-old son, Frederick, early the other morning. He dreamed that burglars broke into the house. Exactly what followed Mr. Heidecke does not know, except as it was revealed by subsequent happenings. One of these was that Heidecke and his wife were awakened by a scream. Heidecke lighted the gas and then Mrs. Heidecke discovered that the boy's crib, which stood in the same room, was empty. She felt sure that burglars had abducted the boy until she heard his voice in the adjoining room crying for help. She ran into the other room and traced the

FREDDY'S HIDING PLACE.

sounds to a bureau, in the upper drawer of which the boy was found.

The only explanation of the affair Heidecke can give is that he arose in his sleep and put the boy in the drawer to save him from the burglars of whom he was dreaming.

NOT IN the TRUST

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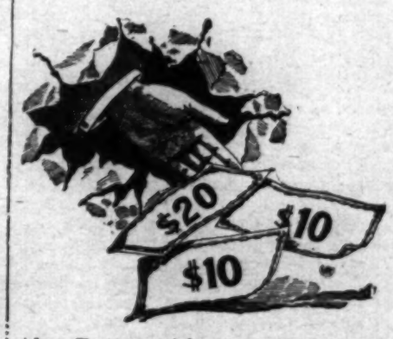

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They Say

What has become of the Negro leadership?

What is is that people toady to others when they have a little pow er?

There is no manhood among those who claim to be leaders.

The Afro-American council is a failure and a fraud.

The mouths of the leaders were closed.

Let us organize an Afro-Ameri can council.

One that will not toady but de fend the rights of the negro.

Some negroes are like sheep.

Give us a leadership that will not cater to the whims of demagogues.

There is no Afro-American coun cil in this city.

W. A. Pledger has subordinated his manhood. He is now numbered among the cringing.

O! how dazzling is an office to the eyes of the toady.

Booker Washington has promised the sucking leaders a tit.

It is best to be honest if you want to succeed.

The people will be asked to ap point another Judge to succeed Kimball.

90,000 colored citizens appeal to the President to appoint a success or to Ivory G. Kimball of the Po lice court.

The negro is a failure politically because he has no manhood.

There should be a strong Afro-American council organized.

Editor Fortune has lost his man hood.

"And thou too Fortune. We thought you would have mounted."

Editor Fortune asserted that all negro democrats are curs.

Were they curs when he advise all negroes to be democrats and support the democratic party.

The lies that have been told on the Metropole club have been brand ed by Lieut. Jordan and the excise board.

Major Sylvester is the Negroes friend, all reports to the contrary.

He has appointed more colored men on the force than any other Major who has held the office.

There is less beating negroes ov er the head than ever before.

Let us have a new Afro-Ameri can council.

The democratic party states that udge Parker is too cold.

Bryan is hot enough for the en tire push.

When you make promises you should keep them.

When can you find an honest ne gro representative?

Don't be alarmed, it will not pay.

Be candid in your talk and truth ful accordingly.

The republicans are looking at the negroes to see how easily they are bluffed.

Commissioner West is just as goo dolored man as any other commissioner.

The Metropole club has been vin dicated.

What has become of the manhood that was once in the negro?

Robert W. Wilcox is no more. The brave Hawaiian leader is dead.

There is a grave question con fronting the negro.

Be what you are and nothing more.

Let us have a successor to Judge Kimball.

[illegible] oitlsiht.

It is hoped that Dr. F. J Shadd will be appointed on the school board.

Let Congress restore the right of suffrage to people.

It is hoped at the District gov ernment will be re-organized.

In union there is strength but in the Afro-American Council there is nothing but wind.

The office holders controlled it.

Let New England organize a new council.

Preachers should not speak what the do not know.

Some people talk too much.

You should tell what you know some times.

The Reward of Culture.

"I used to think it was nothin' but time and money wasted to send a girl to college."

"I'm glad to hear that you have changed your opinion."

"Yes. Since our daughter come back she can tell what nearly everything you see on one of these hotel menus stands fer in plain English."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Absent-Minded Man.

"Didn't you promise your dying sister in her husband's presence, on her death-bed, to marry him as soon as he asked you and be a mother to her poor orphaned children?"

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't you do it?"

"He never asked me."—Town Topics.

Poor Jones.

"'Hic jacet John Jones,'" she quoted, as they strolled through the cemetery. "What do those first two words mean?"

"Well—er—'jacet' is a new one on me," he replied, "but 'hic' is a word that's used to show a man is given to drink."—Philadelphia Press.

An Approving Voice.

They were eloping and the stern parent was supposed to be in pursuit. But he wasn't.

On the contrary a telegram awaited them at the next town.

"Is it forgiveness?" asked the agitated youth as he handed it to the angelic one.

She read it through and burst into tears.

Then the startled youth took it and read it aloud:

"Your mother and I offer congratulations. Your hasty action meets with our approval. We can now carry out a plan that we have long contemplated, and that was delayed only because we had you with us. In other words, we are about to break up housekeeping and go into a flat!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Boer War Correspondents.

The movement to honor by a suitable memorial the English newspaper correspondents who lost their lives in the South African war revives the recollection of service performed under trying and perilous conditions. The committee of the Institute of Journalists has been compiling a list of the correspondents who were killed or died of disease while in the discharge of duty. "Killed at Wagon Hill," "Killed at Slingersfontein," "Killed at Mafeking," "Died of fever at Simons Town"—so runs the record. The cost of war in money falls into insignificance when compared with its cost in men. Try how they may, no class of men concerned in war can escape the fatal toll of the battlefield.—Youth's Companion.

Only Gloom Ahead.

The winter had been unusually severe, and the lake from which the ice company gathered its crop was frozen to a much greater depth than usual.

"I suppose, colonel," remarked a citizen to the president of the company one cold morning, "that you won't charge us so much for our ice next summer as you did last. You're getting a tremendous crop."

"We may have to charge more," stiffly replied the president. "Think of the trouble and expense involved in cutting ice three feet thick!"—Youth's Companion.

Return of Feather Beds.

The feather bed, after its banishment during about half a century, is being received back into favor in colder countries. Hygiene experts condemned it on account of its heating nature and the difficulty of thoroughly airing and purifying; nevertheless, it is actually being recommended during the winter for delicate, nervous, neuralgic women, and particularly for elderly persons and those who are troubled with insomnia. — Medical Journal.

War Balloon Test.

The difficulty in damaging a war balloon in midair was recently shown by tests made in Austria. The experimenters anchored a balloon at a height of 7,000 feet and had gunners who had not been given the distance try to disable it. It required 22 shots to find the range, even approximately, and not until the sixty-fourth round was the balloon hit. It then sustained but a slight tear, which caused it to descend slowly.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Powerful Poison.

A certain professor in this city amused his students the other day during a chemistry lecture by relating a story about an old German professor who, in narrating the fact that cyanide of potassium was a very deadly poison, went so far as to say that "one drop of this stuff placed on the tongue of a rabbit would kill the strongest man!"

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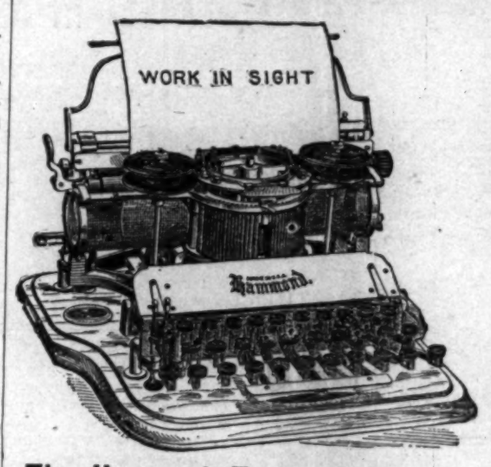

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Mrs. Bacon—Ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?

Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion.

Softleigh—I say, doctah, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?

Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.

"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people's lights have more to do with it."—Detroit Free Press.

ALL SORTS.

The famous palace occupied by the late George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, which cost him over $1,200,000, is to be transformed into an apartment house.

Mrs. Oscar Iasigi, of Boston, is having built at Clovercroft, her summer estate in the Berkshires, one of the finest exhibitions of landscape gardening in the United States.

The former home of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan in Washington, which was presented to him by admirers throughout the country, has been sold by his widow, the price being $55,000.

Mrs. Amy Corbin, of Phoenix, R. I., who has just celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday anniversary, has never been beyond the boundaries of her little native state and has not been in Providence since the war of 1812.

Pierre Loti does not believe that there will ever be a real understanding between Europe and China. In his last volume, which describes his experiences during the late war, his refrain is, "China will always remain a riddle to us."

Eliza Boyle O'Reilly, second daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly, will publish a book of poems some time next fall. She is said to have inherited a good deal of poetic fire from her distinguished father, who is generally regarded as considerably the best Irish poet of the last half century.

The harvest of this year in the Argentine republic is unprecedented. Exact data cannot yet be obtained, but the best estimates show that the crop of corn (maize) will be approximately 3,500,000 tons, of which 1,000,000 tons will be retained for home consumption and for seed, leaving for export 2,500,000 tons.

MILITARY MEN.

The British army has 129 officers qualified as interpreters in French, 106 are similarly qualified in Russian, 81 in German, but only one in Dutch.

The elevation of Sir George White to the rank of field marshal puts Ireland in the position of furnishing three field marshals out of nine to the British army, or four if the duke of Connaught is included. Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, an Irishman, is adjutant general; Sir Ian Hamilton, a Scotchman, is quartermaster general; Sir Edward Ward, permanent undersecretary of the war office, is also a north country man, and Lord Kitchener, the Indian commander in chief, is of Irish birth.

Gen. S. B. M. Young, the first chief of the new army staff, was at a dinner the other evening and was called upon to speak. The guests expected that he would content himself with a few stereotyped phrases, but the general rose to the occasion. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg you will pardon my expression of surprise. I have been caught in a cul de sac. I had not expected to speak on this occasion. But, gentlemen, if I had expected to say anything I should have spoken somewhat as follows——" and at this junction one arm of the veteran plunged into the labyrinths of his coat and produced a carefully prepared speech, which he proceeded to read. The apology for his unpreparedness and the evidence of the painstaking way in which he dressed his remarks in advance were too much for the banqueters and he was forced to suspend his remarks until the uproar was over.

THINGS A WOMAN CAN DO.

She can love and not be jealous.

She can reason. Yes, indeed, she can.

She can be sure of her facts before saying: "I'm just as positive as I can be."

She can conquer her husband by chiding him when he is in a lamblike humor.

She can admire another's woman's stylish bonnet without saying: "I wish it were mine."

She can cultivate her mind without affecting a drawl, or neglecting her personal appearance.

She can say: "It was very warm today," instead of: "Oh, it was so frightfully hot, I nearly died."

She can regard things and people from a dispassionate, impersonal standpoint—a really truly one.

She can make up a menu with regard to "proteids," instead of irrationally giving John the indigestible things he likes.

She can surprise her husband by presenting him with $10 saved from her housekeeping, without immediately asking for a $25 coat. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Poor Business Men.

Some men take up a dollar's worth of time over a nickel's worth of business.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Can Overdo It.

You can overdo an apology.—Atchison Globe.

No Strength in Stimulants.

The idea that alcohol or any other stimulant can ever impart strength must be abandoned, says a writer in The Hospital. A stimulant has a certain effect on the circulation, and this may enable the person who takes it to exert more strength temporarily; but the energy that he uses comes not from the stimulant, but from his own blood and tissue. A similar mistake is made with the administration of a stimulant to relieve a feeling of depression or sinking. An injurious reaction always follows. Alcohol is harmful also in diseases of the kidneys or of the liver, but it seems to be good for diseases of the lungs, and its effect on appetite and digestion may be good when properly employed. When "stimulants" put one to sleep and quiet agitation, they are doing good; when, on the contrary, they raise the pulse-rate, and cause excitement and wakefulness, they are doing harm.

Lost Their Sympathy.

Now, when the daughter of the house ran away with the strolling musician, the neighbors were full of tender sympathy with the family.

They called in a body to express this fact.

All would have gone well if the old man had not cherished the idea that he was a natural born wit and that the flashes of his genius in that line could illuminate the darkest abyss of gloom that ever was heard of.

"Yes," he said, "I am deeply touched by this evidence of feeling on the part of you, my neighbors. Not that I objected to my daughter getting married. I expected her to do that some day. But I think all of you will bear witness that I have ever cautioned her not to piccolo man."

At this the neighbors retired to the roadway and stoned the house, then sent a joint message of congratulation to the runaway daughter.—Chicago Tribune.

Engraving Glass with Gelatine.

A singular property of gelatine when spread upon glass, has lately been experimented with by the French chemist, Cailletet. When a thick layer of strong glue, that has been allowed to dry upon a glass-surface, is detached, it carries off scales of glass and leaves designs resembling those of frost on a window-pane. Polished marble and quartz are similarly attacked. With glue containing six per cent. of alum M. Cailletet produced five designs, resembling moss in texture. Hyposulphite of soda and nitrate and chlorate of potash, added to the glue, produce analogous effects. The glue while drying exerts a powerful mechanical strain.—Youth's Companion.

Souvenirs of Great Novelists.

The Victor Hugo museum on Place des Vosges, Paris, will be opened when President Loubet returns from Algeria. A French clerk who gets $8 a month, returning from Hugo's funeral, saw in a crockery shop a cheap plate with Hugo's photograph printed on it. He bought it, and that plate was the nucleus of the Hugo museum, which contains 500 relics of the great writer. The collection is made up of plates, soap, perfumery, saucers, bottles, tobacco pouches, charms, etc., all souvenirs of Victor Hugo contributed by the common people.

Fish Farming in China.

The Chinese are great at fish farming, and one of their little dodges for hatching young fish is most ingenious. Taking a fresh egg, they suck the contents through a tiny hole, and refill the egg with the tiny eggs of the fish they want to hatch. The hole is then sealed up, and the egg placed under a setting hen. In a very few days the fish ova are so far advanced that one has only to break the shell into moderately warm water, and the little fish spring to life at once.—Cleveland Leader.

How Far Men Walk.

It is safe to say that every man walks two miles a day, if only in stirring about his room or office. If a man lives to be 30 years old he will walk 21,900 miles. The man who believes in a daily constitutional of five miles will walk 54,750 miles. The circumference of the earth is 24,899 miles. Walking five miles a day, a man who has walked for 30 years, will walk around the globe twice, and have a few thousand odd miles to his credit.—N. Y. Sun.

Her Last Words.

"Yes," said the sad-eyed waiter, "she has gone away. I don't think anybody will miss her much more than I do. She had the sweetest voice I ever heard—and it never sounded sweeter than it did the last time she addressed me."

He paused and the head waiter eyed him sympathetically.

"What did she say?" he inquired.

"She said 'Keep the change.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Wife (with a determined air)—I want to see that letter.

Husband—What letter?

"That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!

"Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.—N. Y. Weekly.

When a Girl Angles.

Ethel—Fred has broken our engagement.

Maude—Well, don't you care. There are just as good fish in the sea, you know.

Ethel—Yes, but suckers are the only kind that bite now, and I want a goldfish.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rough on the Fatted Calf.

Mother—Yes, and when the prodigal son was sorry for being so bad and returned to his home his father killed the fatted calf.

Bobby—But what had the fatted calf been doing? Had he run away too?—Boston Transcript.

Uncle Reuben Says:

It's a powerful easy thing to sit down an' tell another man whar' he made a fule o' himself, but when it comes to his sittin' down an' tellin' us de same thing dar's a row on hand at once.—Detroit Free Press.

An Optimist.

"He's an optimist."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he thinks he gets handsomer as he grows older."—Detroit Free Press.

Ins and Outs of It.

A girl's smile often tows a young man in and her father's boot toes him out.—Chicago Daily News.

Mostly Italians.

Of 90,000 European emigrants to Argentina last year 38,000 were Italians.

OO SERIOUS BY FAR

ovelorn Swains Make and Carry Out Old Vows.

ejected Lovers Find Unique Ways to Show Their Disappointment—One Took to Bed for Thirty-Four Years.

t is regarded as customary nowa- rs for the rejected lover to swallow s disappointment, smile at the world, d take courage with the thought he s other chances coming. It is sup- sed he will be all right in a month so at the most. This is not always e case, as a few instances will show. ere are cases of lovelorn vows being de which resemble election bets. d they have been carried out to bet- purpose.

Only a few weeks ago there died at rin a Sig. Mecca, who just half a tury ago, was on the eve of being rried to one of the sunniest maids allthatland of sunshine and spright- beauty. But the maid was as fickle she was fair, and at the last mo- nt jilted her lover in favor of a rmer rival.

When news of her treachery reached ecca he had already put on his wed- g garments, and he there and then ok a vow that, however long he ght live, he would never wear any her. This vow he religiously kept the end of his days, and he might ten be seen in the street of Turin, a rotesque, shabby, and pathetic sur- val of the sartorial arts of the nine- enth century.

It was a similar evil fate that over- ok Nathaniel Bentley; only in his se it was the hand of death and not eachery that robbed him of his bride the morning of the day that was to ve made him happy. The wedding ast was already spread, and Nathan- l, who was a noted dandy, was ar- yed in all his bridal finery when the agic news was brought to him.

He immediately locked the door of e dining room in which the banquet as awaiting his guests and vowed

GROTESQUE VICTIM OF LOVE.

that the room should never be entered during his life. He lost all pleasure and pride in his personal adornment and from being the sprucest man about town degenerated into a dirty, shabby, forlorn sample of humanity, the butt of street boys, and an object of pity or derision to his acquaintances.

In the north of England the story of Henry Jackson's eccentric manner of taking a love disappointment is told to-day, although 40 years have passed since the pathetic, if foolish, chapter of his life was closed. Henry Jackson was a Yorkshire farmer, one of the tallest and handsomest men in all the country side, and great preparations had been made for his wedding to pretty Mary Howarth, daughter of his nearest neighbor. He was leaving his house on his way to the church when a messenger rushed up with the news that his bride to be had disappeared and was not to be found anywhere.

"I think I'll go to bed again and wait till she returns," the young bridegroom said, philosophically, and he forthwith retired to his room.

Later in the day news came to him that the fickle Mary had been seen driving through a distant village in company with a former lover. "If that's so," Henry placidly answered, "I may as well stay where I am," and true to his word, he kept his bed for 34 years, until his death, never seeing anyone but his faithful housekeeper, and never once mentioning the name of the girl who had proved so false.

An amusing story is told of another Yorkshire farmer, who accepted his fate in quite a different spirit. The banns had already been called once in the parish church when his fiancee, in a jealous moment, refused point-blank to marry him. "Thah can do as ta likes," he answered, gayly. "I mun just look out for some other lass"; and, to the amusement of the district, he carried out his purpose so promptly that on the following Sunday the banns were called again—but the name of the woman was changed, and they were "for the first time of asking."

But perhaps the oddest celebration of a marriage on record was that of which a certain hotel in a midland town was the scene only a few months ago. In one room of the hotel the guests were making merry over a sumptuous wedding breakfast, while from the adjacent room came peals of laughter from the guests of a rejected but by no means broken-hearted fiance of the bride, who was entertaining his sympathizers at a precisely similar banquet.

Choice Breed of Pigeons.

The Belgians are great pigeon breeders, and one of the choicest birds of this kind is the true Antwerp carrier, which is comparatively rare.

CHILD DIES OF POISON.

Fourteen-Year-Old Chicago Girl Weary of Work and Worry, Ends Life's Struggle.

Drudging from early morn until night, working day by day to earn food for herself and parents, Sarah Solomon, a 14-year-old Chicago child labor slave, found life's battle too hard for her frail constitution and she ended the struggle by drinking poison.

In front of her home at 6 Liberty street her aged father, Aaron Solomon, found her writhing in pain at 11 o'clock at night.

"It was the hard work, papa," she gasped, "the hard work. I couldn't —stand it."

The father sought a physician, but no physician could be found, and, suf-

"IT WAS THE HARD WORK."

fering intense pain, the little sufferer was finally taken by the police to the county hospital. But medical aid was of no avail, and after lingering and moaning for an hour she died soon after midnight.

Sarah Solomon, says the Chicago Examiner, was a laundress. Only 14 years old and yet she was compelled to do the work that mature and stronger women would have shirked.

She labored until her strength had left her and then she decided to die. In the morning she left home as usual to go to work. She returned shortly before supper and told her father she had quit her place.

"It's too hard work, papa," she said, "I cannot stand it. I just work from the time I get there until the whistle blows, and then I am so weak that it seems my head goes round and round."

She ate sparingly at the evening meal, and when she had washed the dishes and cleaned up the room she spent an hour reading the papers in search of a more suitable place.

Then she left the house and was not seen again until her father heard her pitiful moans in front of the house.

JOCKO TRIES TO DIE.

Sailor's Singing Awakens Fond Memories in Monkey and a Longing for Death.

A correspondent writes from Brooklyn, N. Y., that warship surgeons worked for hours trying to resuscitate one Jocko, monkey and mascot of the monitor Florida, who for the second time in one week tried to commit suicide in spectacular fashion.

Jocko is known along the coast from Pensacola to Portsmouth.

Born a Spaniard, he became an American when his ship, the torpedo boat Isla de Luzon, was captured during the Spanish-American war.

Recently Jocko has been ailing. Two Spaniards who are touring the country

JOCKO IN MEDITATION.

visited the navy yard on Wednesday last. Jocko was introduced to them, as a matter of course. The visitors talked in pure Castilian to the mascot, and he seemed to become homesick at the sound of the old familiar phrases.

Officers say the monkey went aft after the visitors had left and actually wept, a most extraordinary thing for a monkey to do. He was found in the evening lying below a bunk and moaning piteously. Investigation showed that he had drunk potash, evidently, it is alleged, with suicidal intent.

Surgeons revived the monkey, but he seemed the victim of melancholia. Today the cook of the Florida, who understands Spanish pretty well, began to sing a Spanish love song entitled "La Senorita Bonita." The monkey listened for awhile, and then walked aft to the rail. There he sat for two hours, a faraway look in his face and his hands crossed.

Unobserved, he went below. A pail of lye was there. The monkey seized the pail, climbed to the main deck, and, turning toward the river, waved his hand to the outgoing craft and drank the poison. He was picked up by Landsman Evans unconscious.

CUPID'S SLY TRICKS.

They Bring Joy and Happiness to Many Loving Hearts.

Love Romances in Various Walks of Real Life Are Marked by Facts That Seem Stranger Than Ordinary Fiction.

Cupid certainly works in a most mysterious way his wonders to perform and in the affairs of a young mechanic, named Dwyer, who works in the municipal lighting plant in Detroit, his messenger was a pair of greasy overalls. Dwyer wished to demonstrate to a friend the powerful draft of the big chimney. So he put a pair of old greasy overalls in the door at the bottom of the tall stack. The trousers, so strong is the draft, gracefully sailed up the chimney and out at the top.

Ordinarily the story should have ended here, but in this case it doesn't. It's an old saying "that what goes up must come down," and it was the coming down of the well lubricated overalls that makes this o'er true tale. For in descending the overalls had the extreme bad taste to come down plump on a neatly dressed young woman who was taking an afternoon stroll a block or two away, blissfully unconscious of any draft testing experiments. It is not nice to be struck squarely by a pair of dilapidated overalls and it does not at all improve the appearance of a tailor made walking suit.

The young woman was righteously indignant and she made inquiries as to where the suddenly bestowed came from. Some boys playing in the street had seen the flight of the overalls and told the young woman their origin. She lodged complaint at the power house and the young mechanic who had made the draft test was summoned to make the amende honorable.

How well he succeeded was demonstrated the other day when he was married to the young woman whom he met under such novel circumstances.

Cupid seems to have no racial prejudices. The latest proof he has given of this was the bringing together as

THE OVERALLS CAME FLYING.

man and wife a Chinaman and a German girl. The groom was Charley Tang and the bride was Miss Dora Wenholz, both of Newark, N. J. Tang conducts a laundry and tea store in Newark, where he is superintendent of the Chinese department of the Centenary Methodist Sunday school. Miss Wenholz was a pretty girl, 22 years old, who, up to the time of her wedding, was studying for a trained nurse in a Brooklyn hospital. Miss Wenholz met Tang at the home of a schoolgirl chum, who is also wedded to a Chinaman. It was a case of love at first sight, but the wedding was postponed several times on account of the objections of the bride's parents. Finally Miss Wenholz decided that it was she who was to marry a Chinaman and not her parents, and that the question really concerned her and not them, so the other night there was a quiet little wedding in a pretty little home in Newark, and now Mr. and Mrs. Tang are receiving the congratulations of their friends.

The much discussed question anent long and short engagements was settled by two young people in Louisville in favor of the latter. Miss Elizabeth Pohlmann met Ferdinand de la Gasse one evening and the next day they were married. M. de la Gasse is a Parisian, the descendant of a noble race. He is an educated, much traveled man who went to Alaska several years ago in search of a fortune and found one. He came down to the United States to live and settled in Minneapolis. A few months ago he happened to pick up a matrimonial paper and saw an advertisement signed by Miss Pohlmann. M. de la Gasse wrote to the Louisville girl, and after awhile they exchanged photographs. The Frenchman was so struck by Miss Pohlmann's counterfeit presentment that he at once hurried to Louisville and went immediately to the young woman's house. Miss Pohlmann herself answered his knock and the two met for the first time. It was love at first sight, and the next day the marriage was celebrated, and the two, after a wedding trip, will begin married life in one of the most beautiful homes in Minneapolis.

The Latest Dyspepsia Fad.

The latest fad in the way of a cure for dyspepsia is bread made of sea water, instead of fresh water. A Philadelphia baker makes a specialty of this bread, and the dyspeptics who use it declare that it aids them. The baker gets his sea water from Atlantic City.

MISSED HIS ENGAGEMENT.

John Chinaman Was Shrewd and Wily, But Could Not Escape from Police Clutches.

New York papers report that some days ago a squad of Manhattan police raided a fan tan game in Chinatown. Eleven Chinamen were captured and kept, in a third-story front room in charge of Detective Drenan until the patrol wagon came for them. While they were waiting for the wagon one of the prisoners said to Drenan:

"Me got to go. Me got velly important engagement."

"I suppose so," said the detective,

"ME GOT TO GO."

"but you've got a more important engagement at the police station."

The Chinaman begged like a good fellow, but Drenan was obdurate.

"Me give you five dollals if you let me go," the prisoner finally whispered.

"No use, John. Even if I let you out of the room," said the detective, "the police would catch you at the lower door. They are guarding that."

As quick as a flash the Chinaman answered: "That's alle light. You let me out, me go upstairs, get out on roof, and go down other building. Police no catchee me."

"Can't do it, John," Drenan persisted. "They've got you prisoners all counted. If I turn over only ten I'll have troubles of my own."

"Me fix that," the Chinaman answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Me go to window, call a Chinaman friend up from street. When he come to this door you pull him in and I run out. See? You have eleven plisoners alle same, and police can't tell one Chinaman from other."

But, notwithstanding his cunning, John had to go to the station, and his "velly important engagement" was broken.

PET ANGORA'S FUNERAL.

Mrs. Grover's Sole Companion Buried in Cat and Dog Cemetery at Hartsdale, N. Y.

In an ornate casket, silk-lined and heaped with flowers, a pet Angora cat was buried in the cat and dog cemetery at Hartsdale, N. Y. For several years it had been the sole companion of Mrs. Bertha Grover, a widow.

Mrs. Grover's pet was a beautiful creature, and during its lifetime of eight or nine years it had won several prizes at cat shows in this city.

While watching some sparrows while it was seated in the front window of the third floor of the house last Tues-

THE PET ANGORA'S FINISH.

day the Angora lost its balance and fell to the street.

Mrs. Grover, who had seen her pet fall, ran downstairs and found it lifeless on the sidewalk. She picked it up and sent for a veterinary surgeon, who had considerable difficulty in convincing her that the cat was dead.

An undertaker was summoned and told to make a pretty casket for the dead pet.

The order was executed to the letter, and the widow drove to Hartsdale as the sole mourner, with the little casket in her carriage.

Luckiest Chap in Texas.

What may be called the "falling sickness" is having some sport with John Chapman, of Galena, Tex. He fell down a shallow shaft at the Blind Tiger mine, and dislocated his shoulder. On reaching home he fell down the cellar stairs, and the jar knocked his shoulder into place again. The next morning he was able to go to work as usual.

Famous Bell Is Cracked.

There is great grief at Rouen, France, where the famous bell known as "Rouvel," which, for an uninterrupted period of 600 years, has rung the curfew, has just exhibited a serious crack. It is feared that repairs are impossible, and that the bell will never ring again.

BETS ONLY FOR FUN.

Playing the Races Is Woman's Very Latest Diversion.

Gotham Society Leaders Like the Excitement of the Track and Cheerfully Lose Sums of Generous Proportions.

Men who have been played the races for years are commenting on the indifference now displayed by the New York women at losing money at the track.

"Judging from appearances," said one the other day to a Sun reporter, "she seems to be just as happy when she is losing money as when she is winning. The excitement of the experience is what she is after, not a tangible result in dollars and cents. The attitude of the fashionable woman at the card table and at the races is entirely different, and yet for the life of me I can't see why.

"When horse-racing first became popular in and around New York," he went on, "the few venturesome women who took a hand at betting were likely to become hysterical over the loss of a good-sized sum, and it took them days to recover from the disappointment. Does anyone ever see a fashionable woman nowadays weeping over her losses at Morris Park or Sheepshead? Even novices plunging for the first time see their money take wings without turning a hair. Their indifference is not assumed, either."

As evidenced by the Morris Park races, the woman with scruples about betting is no more, or, if she does exist, she keeps away from the track. Almost without exception, the women there bet—bet on every race, in sums from one dollar to a hundred, occasionally even going a good deal higher than that.

A large percentage of these women go every day, bet every day, lose and win every day, and so far as can be ascertained, very few come out winners in the end.

This is what a woman well known in society had to say on the subject the other day:

"I am devoted to horse-racing. As a sport, I think it has no equal. I gen-

"I AM DEVOTED TO RACING."

erally attend the Sheepshead and Morris Park races, and as many of the Saratoga races as I can, and I always bet. I have been doing this for nearly ten years, and I wouldn't miss the fun for anything.

"Make money by it? On the contrary, my fun never costs me less than $200 a year, in spite of the fact that perhaps I know as much about horses as the average woman can know. To be sure, I never try for inside tips from sporting men, who are supposed to have information, for I find the uncertainty of it all one of the most fascinating features of horse-racing.

"Almost every woman has a pet pleasure, for which she is willing to spend more than for anything else. Mine is betting on horses, for which I 'squander,' as my husband calls it, between $200 and $300 every year. I never get off under $200.

"On some days I make a lot of money, only to lose it the next, and in the end I am pretty well 'cleaned out,' as they say at the track.

"If I could not afford to lose the money I would never go near a racetrack. The experiences of the majority of my woman friends who do go in for racing are the same as mine. In fact, we all make up our minds to lose, not to win.

"There may be women who in the long run make money at playing the races, but I don't know them. In my opinion, the only way to come out a winner is, immediately, the very instant, one makes a lucky haul, to scurry away from the track as fast as possible, and stay away."

The Boss Girl of Kansas.

The Oxford (Kan.) Register says that Gene Showalter, of that town, is the typical Kansas girl. Although but 16 years old, she taught the biggest school in the county during the past school year. After school closed she went home and helped her father plow for oats. Then she made a lot of clothes for herself. Now she is taking a little vacation in the form of a term at a teachers' summer school.

Negroes Were His Mascot.

On his way from Paris to Monte Carlo an English gambler chanced to occupy a compartment in a railroad car with five negroes. He considered this a favorable omen, and when he arrived at the Casino he risked five louis on black at the fifth table, and let his stake stand for a run of five. Black won five times in succession, and his winnings amounted to about $620.

TOUGH PROPOSITION.

Riding a Bucking Steer Is Called a Harder Task Than Sticking on a Bucking Bronco.

"A bucking bronco," said the retired cowboy to a New York Sun reporter, "is generally considered the hardest proposition to ride in this land, but until a man has tackled a bucking steer he has not realized all the possibilities of the gentle art.

"Out in the cow country they have just begun to learn the art, and it is really an art. None of the Wild West shows has yet got hold of the few fellows who have mastered the straddle and seat, and until they do their congresses of rough riders will not be complete.

"You can cinch a horse up until there is little possibility of the saddle's slipping, but it can't be done on a steer, for the simple reason that the skin is so much looser and there is no place in which to gather

WHEN THE STEER BUCKS.

up lost motion. The horse has 18 ribs and a steer but 13.

"When the horse bucks, as he does when he is burdened with something he doesn't want to carry, his rider can get a pretty firm bridge at most any place between the crupper and the shoulder. When the steer bucks, as he generally does when he feels a saddle on his back, there is a rolling motion that is for all the world like that of a vessel at sea. The steer pitches with a head and tail movement, while a horse stops his side swings before they range far.

"The steer-riding fad had its start down in Texas, where the animals are wild enough to suit even the most exacting cowpuncher, and it is now being introduced further north. A puncher's playtime is often long enough to give him a chance for such experiments, and some of the more skillful have got it down to a fine point.

"But the hombre who thinks it is an easy task to stick to a wild boy who knows enough to do the grand buck and pitch is down for an experience he will carry in his book of remembrance for a long time."

WALKED IN HIS SLEEP.

Wound Up Midnight Expedition by Leaping from Window and Being Caught on Iron Hook.

Jacob Cugameck, of Manayunk, Pa., aged 12 years, is in a serious condition at St. Timothy's hospital, resulting from injuries received when he jumped from the second-story window of his home during a fit of somnambulism.

Cugameck, Sr., is a butcher, and has his store on the first floor of his home. Young Jacob slept with his mother in the second story front room, directly over the store. She was awakened by her son arising. The latter went to the window and raised it to get some air, his mother thought, as the night was very sultry. Suddenly he began to climb out, and before

A DANGEROUS LEAP.

she could reach him he had made the leap.

In front of the store is a row of heavy iron hooks, used to suspend meat for display. In his fall young Jacob's right leg was caught on one of these hooks, and he hung suspended head downward for a minute or two. This broke his fall, but before assistance came the hook had torn through the flesh and the boy fell to the ground.

Assistance was quickly summoned, and the injured lad hurried to St. Timothy's hospital. Examination showed that his flesh had been horribly torn, and physicians say his condition is serious.

Boers Coming to Texas.

It is estimated that about 10,000 Boers will immigrate to the United States ere the close of next summer. Most of them, it is believed, will settle in Texas.

SWUNG BABY BY FEET.

Infant Was Nearly Drowned, But Doctor's Extraordinary Treatment Saved Its Life.

Dr. D. C. Mangen, of No. 95 Park avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., resuscitated a half-drowned baby the other afternoon by swinging it around his head by its feet. The baby was the 14-months-old son of Edward Taggart, of No. 31 St. Edwards street, Brooklyn. It fell into a tub of water in the kitchen, and was unconscious when its mother found it.

Dr. Mangen, who was called, saw that extreme measures were necessary, and grasping the babe's tiny ankles, he swung the almost lifeless form around his head in much the same way as a hammer-thrower swings a hammer before hurling it. The strenuous method availed. It forced the water out of the infant's lungs, and when an ambulance arrived the baby's heart was beating almost normally and its breath again coming even and strong.

Hint for Poor Churches.

A church recently dedicated in St. Paul, and costing $7,000, was paid for in seven-cent contributions, the novelty of the request bringing pennies from all over the country.

ANNOUNCEMENT,

Married—Sept. 22, 1903 at Croome, Maryland by Rev. Ernest Jemsen, Mrs. Eslanda Cardoza Goode to Mr. Wm. H. Johnson both of Washington, D. C.

DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP.

The law firm of R. R. Horner and James H. Smith, at 505 D street has been disolved since January 1st 1903. It is now the law firm of R. R. Horner and Robert J. Harland.

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One of the most enterprising men in this city is Mr. J. E. McGaw, President and Manager of the Purity Ice Company. It is very important that we should use pure ice. Nothing is more disagreeable to the taste than impure ice water. Bad ice will give the ice cooler a bad smell. The Purity Ice Company that manufactures its own ice knows just what kind of water its ice is made from, hence it is impossible for those who use this ice to be made sick from impure ice. If ths public is in need of Coal and Wood, Mc Gaw is the man to see. You may give your orders to him now for your winter coal. Don't fail to call and see him at once.

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MOST WORSHIPFUL EUREKA GRAND Lodge of F. & A. Ancient York Masons in and for the District of Columbia on the Continent of North America.

Prince Hall (compact) has just closed a long and important session and starts out very favorable for the new year. Visiting brothers are respectfully requested to call on the Grand Master, Col. R. D. Goodman 917 4th street n.w. for information about the craft. Please bring financial card of your Lodge.

J. E. Williams, M. D.
M. W. Grand Sect.
106 F St., S. W.

To whom it may concern:—I hereby give notice that on and after July 15, 1903, I will not be responsible for any obligations entered into, or debts which may be contracted by my wife, Sarah Robertson, now residing at 829 New Hampshire Avenue, Northwest, and all persons are hereby warned that on and after said date I will pay no bills or debts which she may contract.

Samuel A. Robertson,
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"Pickens is interested in many enterprises, isn't he?"

"Whatever put that notion into your head?"

"Why, he told me that, while he had no separate business of his own, he was constantly putting money into the business of others."

"Humph. I knew he was industriously putting something into other people's business, but I thought it was his nose."—Kansas City Journal.

Pleased Him.

"I think we might give Bridget a dollar more a week," said the family man.

"What?" exclaimed his wife, "I set her to work cleaning the parlor to-day, and you should see the way she left it."

"I did. That's what influenced me. I noticed she fixed the piano with the keyboard close up against the wall."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Ingratitude of Republics.

"Elect me to this office, my fellow citizens," said the political candidate, "and I will pledge myself to ask for no further favors at your hands. I—"

"Huh!" interrupted a scoffer in one of the front seats, "you think you can get it all at one grab, do you?"—Chicago Record-Herald

LEGAL NOTICE.

Thos. L. Jones, Attorney.
In the Court of the District of Columbia. Holding a Probate Court.
No 11,652, administration
This is to give notice:
That the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate court of the District of Columbia letters of administration on the estate of Thomas Eatman late of the District of Columbia deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers there of legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 11th day of August, A. D. 1904; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hand this 11th day of August 1903.

Carrie Eatman, 231 C st. S. W.
Attest: John R Rouzer.
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia. Clerk of the Probate court.

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Good 6 room house bath, cellar, 10 foot alley, T street northwest between 14th and 15th. lot 16 x 100, houses in good condition; owner will sell for $500 less than asked for surrounding property. Price $3,050, $300 cash, balance $20 per month.

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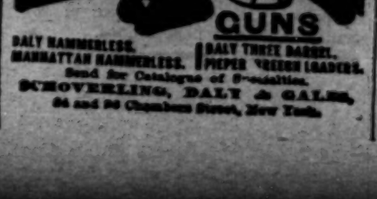

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